ANCIENT
POETRY
VOL.
I.

EDITED BY THOMAS PERCY

1ST EDITION

S. Wale del. C. Grignion Sculp.

These venerable antient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

Rowe.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other PIECES of our earlier POETS,

(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)

Together with some few of later Date.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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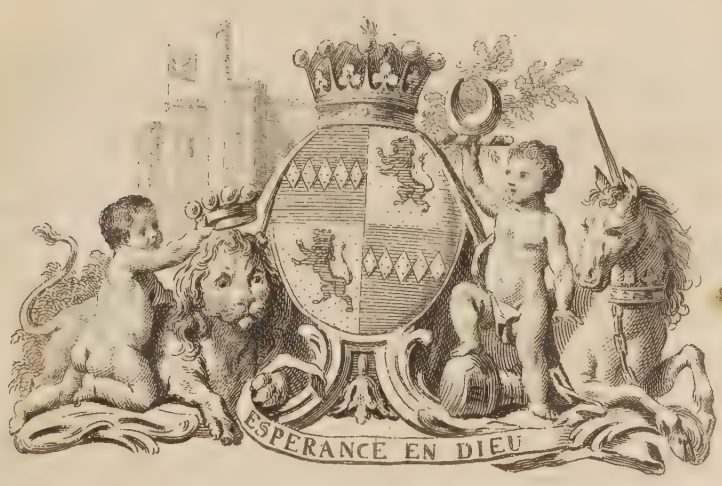

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH

COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE,

BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers, who ſolicit the protection of the noble and the great, are often expoſed to cenſure by the impropriety of their addreſſes: a remark that will perhaps

be too readily applied to him, who having nothing better to offer than the rude ſongs of ancient minſtrels, aſpires to the patronage of the Counteſs of NORTHUMBERLAND, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpoliſhed ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her preſence, and diffuſes elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is preſumed, will diſappear, when it is declared that theſe poems are preſented to your LADYSHIP, not as labours of art, but as effuſions of nature, ſhewing the firſt efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the cuſtoms and opinions of remote ages: of ages that had been almoſt loſt to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illuſtrious anceſtors preſerved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehenſive mind can forbear ſome attention to the reliques of antiquity:

quity: It is prompted by natural curioſity to ſurvey the progreſs of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, groſſneſs refined, and ignorance inſtructed: but this curioſity, MADAM, muſt be ſtronger in thoſe, who, like your LADYSHIP, can remark in every period the influence of ſome great progenitor, and who ſtill feel in their effects the tranſactions and events of diſtant centuries.

By ſuch Bards, MADAM, as I am now introducing to your preſence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced, by ſuch were the minds of unlettered warriors ſoftened and enlarged, by ſuch was the memory of illuſtrious actions preſerved and propagated, by ſuch were the heroic deeds of the Earls of NORTHUMBERLAND ſung at feſtivals in the hall of ALNWICK: and thoſe ſongs, which the bounty of your anceſtors rewarded, now return to your LADYSHIP by a kind of hereditary right; and, I flatter myſelf, will find

ſuch reception, as is uſually ſhewn to poets and hiſtorians, by thoſe whoſe conſcioufneſs of merit makes it their intereſt to be long remembered.

I am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Moſt Humble

And moſt devoted Servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

The PREFACE.

THE Reader is here preſented with ſelect remains of our ancient Engliſh Bards and Minſtrels, an order of men who were once greatly reſpected by our anceſtors, and contributed to ſoften the roughneſs of a martial and unlettered people by their ſongs and by their muſic.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuſcript, in the Editor's poſſeſſion, which contains near 200 poems, ſongs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the laſt century, but contains compoſitions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the concluſion of the reign of Charles I.

This manuſcript was ſhown to ſeveral learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be conſigned to oblivion, and importuned the poſſeſſor to ſelect ſome of them, and give them to the preſs. As moſt of them are of great ſimplicity, and ſeem to have been meerly written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether in the preſent ſtate of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuſe nothing to ſuch judges as the author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly ſuch ſpecimens of ancient poetry have been ſelected as either ſhew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progreſs of popular opinions, diſplay the peculiar manners and cuſtoms of former ages, or throw light on our earlier claſſical poets.

They

They are here diſtributed into THREE VOLUMES, each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged for the moſt part, according to the order of time, and ſhowing the gradual improvements of the Engliſh language and poetry from the earlieſt ages down to the preſent. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford ſo many pauſes, or reſting places to the Reader, and to aſſiſt him in diſtinguiſhing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a poliſhed age, like the preſent, I am ſenſible that many of theſe reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the moſt part, a pleaſing ſimplicity, and many artleſs graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics* have been thought to compenſate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to intereſt the heart.

To atone for the rudeneſs of the more obſolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the ſame kind of writing: And to take off from the tediouſneſs of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottiſh dialect, moſt of them of the firſt-rate merit, are alſo interſperſed among thoſe of our ancient Engliſh Minſtrels: and the artleſs productions of theſe old rhapſodiſts, are occaſionally confronted with ſpecimens of the compoſition of contemporary poets of a higher claſs: of thoſe who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for poſterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old ſtrolling

*Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To theſe might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears alſo to have been fond of collecting theſe old things. See p. XI.

Minſtrels,

Minſtrels, who compoſed their rhimes to be ſung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for preſent applauſe, and preſent ſubſiſtence.

The reader will find this claſs of men occaſionally deſcribed in the following volumes, and ſome particulars relating to their hiſtory in a ſlight Eſſay ſubjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a ſhort account of the other collections that were conſulted, and to make my acknowledgments to thoſe gentlemen, who were ſo kind as to impart extracts from them: for while this ſelection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a ſhare in the work, and explored many large repoſitories in its favour.

The firſt of theſe that deſerved notice was the Pepyſian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Eſq; ſecretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient Engliſh ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left paſted in five volumes in folio; beſides Garlands and other ſmaller miſcellanies. This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. SELDEN; improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in "time; and the whole continued down to the year "1700."

In the Aſhmole Library at Oxford, is a ſmall collection of ballads, made by Anthony Wood, in the year 1676, containing ſomewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are alſo preſerved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digeſted under the ſeveral reigns of Hen. viii, Edw. vi, Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the Britiſh Muſeum is preſerved a large treaſure of ancient Engliſh poems in MS. beſides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all theſe ſome of the beſt pieces were ſelected, and

and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuſcript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid ſuch a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been ſometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The deſire of being accurate has perhaps ſeduced him into too minute and trifling an exactneſs; and in purſuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous reſearch. It was however neceſſary to give ſome account of the old copies, tho' often for the ſake of brevity one or two of theſe only are mentioned, where yet aſſiſtance was received from ſeveral*. Where any thing was altered that deſerved particular notice, the paſſage is diſtinguiſhed by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect ſtate of his materials would admit: for theſe old popular rhimes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with leſs care, than any other writings in the world.

The plan of the work was ſettled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a joint ſhare in it had not death unhappily prevented him: Moſt of the modern pieces were of his ſelection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained ſome things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. A large MS. collection of poems was a preſent from HUMPHREY PITT, Eſq; of Prior's-Lee, in Shropſhire, to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hayes, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for moſt of the beautiful Scottiſh poems, with which this little miſcellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illuſtrated. Some

* Thus in Book I. No. VI. of this vol. one MS only is mentioned, tho' ſome additional ſtanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has ſometimes been the caſe elſewhere.

obliging favours of the ſame kind were received from JOHN M^cGOWAN, Eſq; of Edinburgh: and many curious explanations of Scottiſh words in the gloſſaries from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of Kimbolton. Mr. WARTON, who at preſent does ſo much honour to the Poetry Profeſſor's chair at Oxford, and another friend in that Univerſity, contributed ſome curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deſerve the Editor's warmeſt acknowledgments: to Mr. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the aſſiſtance received from the Pepyſian library: and Mr. FARMER, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted in favour of this little work, that extenſive knowledge of ancient Engliſh literature for which he is ſo diſtinguiſhed. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum and other repoſitories, were owing to the kind ſervices of Mr. ASTLE, to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index lately annexed to the Harleian catalogue. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, deſerves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor acceſs to the volumes under his care. In Mr. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays are many ſcarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free uſe of which he indulged the Editor, in the politeſt manner. To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH he is indebted for the uſe of ſeveral ancient and curious tracts. To the friendſhip of Mr. JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the gloſſaries are more exact and curious, than might be expected in ſo ſlight a publication, it is to be aſcribed to the ſuperviſal of a friend, who ſtands at this time the firſt in the world for northern literature, and whoſe learning is better known and reſpected in foreign nations, than in his own country. It is perhaps needleſs to name the Rev. Mr. LYE, Editor of Junius's Etymologicum and of the Gothic goſpels.

The NAMES of ſo many men of learning and character the

the Editor hopes will ſerve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable cenſure, for having beſtowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the requeſt of many of theſe gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taſte, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the preſs has been the amuſement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leiſure and retirement of rural life, and hath only ſerved as a relaxation from graver ſtudies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aſide for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occaſioned ſome inconſiſtencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be aſhamed of having beſtowed ſome of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in reſcuing from oblivion ſome pieces (tho' but the amuſements of our anceſtors) which tend to place in a ſtriking light, their taſte, genius, ſentiments, or manners.

AN

AN ESSAY
ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

THE MINSTRELS ſeem to have been the genuine ſucceſſors of the ancient Bards, who united the arts of Poetry and Muſic, and ſung verſes to the harp, of their own compoſing. It is well known what reſpect was ſhewn to their BARDS by the Britons: and no leſs was paid to the northern SCALDS ‡ by moſt of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon anceſtors, as well as their brethren the ancient Danes, had been accuſtomed to hold men of this profeſſion in the higheſt reverence. Their ſkill was conſidered as ſomething divine, their perſons were deemed ſacred, their attendance was ſolicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards *. In ſhort, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever ſhown by an ignorant people to ſuch as excell them in intellectual accompliſhments. When the Saxons were converted to chriſtianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them, this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profeſſion. The Poet and the Minſtrel † became two perſons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiſcriminately, and

‡ So the ancient Danes, &c. intitled their Bards. See Pref. to Five pieces of Runic poetry, 8vo. 1763.

* Mallet, L'Introd. a l'Hiſt. de Dannemarc. 4to. Bartholin. Antiq. Dan. 4to.

† The word MINSTREL is derived from the French *Meneſtrier*; and was not in uſe here before the Norman conqueſt. It is remarkable that our old monkiſh hiſtorians do not uſe the word *Citharædus*, *Cantator*, or the like, to expreſs a MINSTREL in Latin; but either *Mimus*, *Hiſtrio*, *Joculator*, or ſome other word that implies geſture. Hence it ſhould ſeem that the Minſtrels ſet off their ſinging by mimickry or action: or according to Dr. Brown's hypotheſis, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his ingenious Hiſt. of the Riſe of Poetry, &c.

many

many of the moſt popular rhimes were compoſed amidſt the leiſure and retirement of monaſteries. But the Minſtrels continued a diſtinct order of men, and got their livelihood by ſinging verſes to the harp, at the houſes of the great. There they were ſtill hoſpitably and reſpectfully received, and retained many of the honours ſhown to their predeceſſors the Bards and Scalds. And indeed tho' ſome of them only recited the compoſitions of others, many of them ſtill compoſed ſongs themſelves, and all of them could probably invent a few ſtanzas on occaſion. I have no doubt but moſt of the old heroic ballads in this collection were produced by this order of men. For altho' ſome of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the ſmaller narratives were probably compoſed by the Minſtrels who ſung them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of theſe old pieces, it is evident they made no ſcruple to alter each other's productions, and the reciter added or omitted whole ſtanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profeſſion was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Daniſh brethren. This appears from two remarkable facts in hiſtory, which ſhow that the ſame arts of muſic and ſong were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the profeſſors of them were common to both; as it is well known their cuſtoms, manners, and even language were not in thoſe times very diſſimilar.

When our great king Alfred was deſirous to learn the true ſituation of the Daniſh army, which had invaded his realm; he aſſumed the dreſs and character of a Minſtrel*,

* *Fingens ſe* JOCULATOREM, *aſſumpta cithara, &c.* Ingulphi Hiſt. p. 869.—*Sub ſpecie* MIMI ... *ut* JOCULATORIÆ *profeſſor artis.* Malmeſb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43. One name for a Minſtrel in old French was JOUGLEUR.

and

and taking his harp, and only one attendant, (for in the early times it was not unuſual for a Minſtrel to have a ſervant to carry his harp †) he went with the utmoſt ſecurity into the Daniſh camp. And though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had aſſumed procured him a hoſpitable reception; he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and ſtaid among them long enough to contrive that aſſault, which afterwards deſtroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About ſixty years after, a Daniſh king made uſe of the ſame diſguiſe to explore the camp of our king Athelſtan. With his harp in his hand, and dreſſed like a Minſtrel ‡, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his ſtand near the king's pavillion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelſtan and his lords with his ſinging and his muſic: and was at length diſmiſſed with an honourable reward; though his ſongs muſt have diſcovered him to have been a Dane. Athelſtan was ſaved from the conſequences of this ſtratagem by a ſoldier, who had obſerved Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from ſome ſcruple of honour, or motive of ſuperſtition. This occaſioned a diſcovery.

From the uniform procedure of both theſe kings, it is plain that the ſame mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minſtrel was a privileged character among both. Even ſo late as the reign of Edward II. the Minſtrels were eaſily admitted into the royal preſence; as appears from a paſſage in Stow ‡, which alſo ſhews the ſplendor of their appearance.

"In the yeare 1316, Edward the Second did ſolemnize "his feaſt of Pentecoſt at Weſtminſter in the great hall: "where ſitting royally at the table with his peers about

† See this vol. p. 57. 65.

‡ *Aſſumpta manu cithara . . . profeſſus* MIMUM, *qui hujuſmodi arte ſtipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Juſſus abire pretium cantus accepit.* Malmeſb. l. 2. c. 6.

‡ Survey of Lond. 1603. p. 469.

" him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A MIN-
" STRELL ‡, SITTING ON A GREAT HORSE TRAPPED,
" AS MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode round about
" the tables, ſhewing paſtime; and at length came up
" to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and
" forthwith turning her horſe ſaluted every one, and
" departed."—The ſubject of this letter was a remon-ſtrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful ſervants.

The meſſenger was ſent in a Minſtrel's habit, as what would gain an eaſy admiſſion ‖; and was a Woman concealed under that habit, I ſuppoſe, to diſarm the king's reſentment: For I do not find that any of the real Minſtrels were of the female ſex, and therefore conclude this was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occaſion.

In the 4th year of Richard II. †, John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordſhire, a COURT OF MINSTRELS, with a full power to receive ſuit and ſervice from the men of this profeſſion within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controverſies; and to apprehend and arreſt ſuch of them, as ſhould refuſe to appear at the ſaid court, annually held on the 16th of Auguſt. For this they had a charter *, by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS, with four officers, to preſide over them. Theſe were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is deſcribed by Dr. Plott §; in whoſe time however they ſeem to have become mere muſicians.

‡ *Ornata* HISTRIONALI *habitu.* Walſingh. p. 109. (That Minſtrels ſometimes rode on horſeback, ſee in this vol. p. 57. 65. &c.)

‖ When the porter was blamed for admitting her, he anſwered, *Non eſſe moris domus regiæ* HISTRIONES *ab ingreſſu quomodolibet prohibere, &c.* Walſingh.

* Anno 1381.

† Intitled *Carte le Roy de Miniſtraulx.* (In Latin *Hiſtriones.* Vid. Plott. p. 437.)

§ Hiſt. of Staffordſh. Ch. 10. §. 69—76. p. 435, &c.

Even

Even ſo late as the reign of Henry VIII. the Reciters of verſes, or moral ſpeeches learnt by heart, intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houſes of the nobility themſelves. This we learn from Eraſmus †, whoſe argument led him only to deſcribe a ſpecies of theſe men who DID NOT SING their compoſitions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the ſame privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minſtrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whoſe time they had loſt much of their dignity, and were ſinking into contempt and neglect. Yet ſtill they ſuſtained a character far ſuperior to any thing we can conceive at preſent of the ſingers of old ballads ‡.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Caſtle by the Earl of Leiceſter in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the perſonages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whoſe appearance and dreſs are ſo minutely deſcribed by a writer there preſent ‡, and give us ſo diſtinct an idea of the character, that I ſhall quote the paſſage at large.

" A PERSON very meet ſeemed he for the purpoſe, of " a xlv years old, aparelled partly as he would himſelf. " His cap off: his head ſeemly rounded tonſter-wiſe ‖: " fair kembed, that with a ſponge daintily dipt in a little " capon's greace, was finely ſmoothed, to make it ſhine " like a mallard's wing. His beard ſmugly ſhaven: " and yet his ſhirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair " ſtarched, ſleeked and gliſtering like a pair of new

† See his ECCLESIAST. . . . . *Irrumpunt in convivia magnatum, aut in cauponas vinarias; et argumentum aliquod quod edidicerunt recitant, &c.* Jortin, vol. 2. p. 193.

‡ See vol. 2. p. 162.

‡ R. L. [Langham] author of a letter 12mo. deſcribing the Queen's entertainment at Killingworth in 1575. p. 46. (This writer's orthography is not here copied.)

‖ "Tonſure-wiſe," after the manner of the Monks.

" ſhoes, marſhalled in good order with a ſetting ſtick,
" and ſtrut, 'that' every ruff ſtood up like a wafer. A
" ſide [i. e. long] gown of Kendale green, after the
" freſhneſs of the year now, gathered at the neck with
" a narrow gorget, faſtened afore with a white claſp and
" a keeper cloſe up to the chin; but eaſily, for heat,
" to undo when he liſt. Seemly begirt in a red caddis
" girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives
" hanging a' two ſides. Out of his boſom drawn forth
" a lappet of his napkin* edged with a blue lace, and
" marked with a D for Damian, for he was but a
" batchelor yet.

" His gown had ſide [i. e. long] ſleeves down to
" mid-leg, ſlit from the ſhoulder to the hand, and lined
" with white cotton. His doublet-ſleeves of black
" worſted: upon them a pair of points of tawny cham-
" let laced along the wriſt with blue threaden poinets ‖, a
" wealt towards the hands of fuſtian-a-napes. A pair
" of red neather ſtocks. A pair of pumps on his feet,
" with a croſs cut at his toes for corns: not new indeed,
" yet cleanly blackt with ſoot, and ſhining as a ſhoing
" horn.

" About his neck a red ribband ſuitable to his girdle.
" His HARP in good grace dependent before him. His
" WREST† tyed to a green lace and hanging by:
" Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain,
" (pewter ‡ for) SILVER, as a SQUIRE MINSTREL OF
" MIDDLESEX, that travelled the country this ſummer
" ſeaſon, unto fair and worſhipful mens houſes. From
" his chain hung a ſcutcheon, with metal and colour,
" reſplendant upon his breaſt, of the ancient arms of
" Iſlington."

* i. e. handkerchief, or cravat. ‖ Perhaps points.

† The key, or ſcrew, with which he tuned his harp.

‡ The reader will remember that this was not a REAL MINSTREL, but only one perſonating that character: his ornaments therefore were only ſuch as OUTWARDLY repreſented thoſe of a real Minſtrel.

—This

—This Minſtrel is deſcribed as belonging to that village. I ſuppoſe ſuch as were retained by noble families, wore their arms hanging down by a ſilver chain as a kind of badge. From the expreſſion of SQUIRE MINSTREL above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

This Minſtrel, the author tells us a little below, "after "three lowly courteſies, cleared his voice with a hem, "... and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for "'ſiling his napkin, tempered a ſtring or two with his "WREST, and after a little warbling on his HARP for "a prelude, came forth with a ſolemn ſong, warranted "for ſtory out of King Arthur's acts, &c."——This ſong the reader will find printed in this work, volume III. pag. 25.

Towards the end of the ſixteenth century this claſs of men had loſt all credit, and were ſunk ſo low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth ‡ a ſtatute was paſſed by which "Minſtrels, wandering "abroad" were included among "rogues, vagabonds, "and ſturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be puniſhed as ſuch. This act ſeems to have put an end to the profeſſion, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are moſt of them repreſented to have been of the North. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minſtrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE *:" and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in ſuch kind of poems, ſhews that this repreſentation is real. The reaſon of which ſeems to be this; the civilizing of nations has begun from the South: the North would therefore be the laſt civilized, and the old manners would

‡ Vid. Pulton's Stat. 1661. p. 1110. 39° Eliz.
* See p. 65. of this vol.

longeſt ſubſiſt there. With the manners, the old poetry that painted theſe manners would remain likewiſe; and in proportion as their boundaries became more contracted, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of thoſe rude men would be more diſtinctly peculiar, and that peculiarity more ſtrikingly remarked.

The Reader will obſerve in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a caſt of ſtyle and meaſure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher claſs: many phraſes and idioms, which the Minſtrels ſeem to have appropriated to themſelves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleaſure, in order to humour the flow of the verſe, particularly in the rhimes: as

Countrìe harpèr batièl morning
Ladìe ſingèr damsèl lovìng,

inſtead of *cóuntry*, *lady*, *hàrper*, *ſinger*, &c.—This liberty is but ſparingly aſſumed by the claſſical poets of the ſame age; or even by the latter compoſers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by ſuch as profeſſedly wrote for the preſs. For it is to be obſerved, that ſo long as the Minſtrels ſubſiſted, they ſeem never to have deſigned their rhymes for publication, and probably never committed them to writing themſelves: what copies are preſerved of them were doubtleſs taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minſtrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers ſucceeded, an inferior ſort of minor poets, who wrote narrative ſongs meerly for the preſs. Inſtances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two lateſt pieces in the genuine ſtrain of the old Minſtrelſy that I can diſcover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than theſe I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minſtrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phraſes, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmoſt licence of metre; they have alſo a romantic wildneſs, and are in the true ſpirit of chivalry.—The other ſort are written in exacter meaſure,

ſure, have a low or ſubordinate correctneſs, ſometimes bordering on the inſipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; theſe are generally in the ſouthern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraſeology, and are commonly deſcriptive of more modern manners.—To be ſenſible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of book III. with No. IX. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minſtrelſy ſeems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and theſe came forth in ſuch abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little Miſcellanies under the name of GARLANDS, and at length to be written purpoſely for ſuch collections*.

* In the Pepyſian, and other libraries, are preſerved a great number of theſe in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roſes gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnſon, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.]——2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.——3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.——4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.——5. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.——6. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.——7. Cupid's Garland ſet round with guilded Roſes.——8. The Garland of withered Roſes, by Martin Parker, 1656.——9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.——10. The Country Garland.——11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.——12. The Lover's Garland.——13. Neptune's Fair Garland.——14. England's fair Garland.——15. Robin Hood's Garland.——16. The Lover's Garland.——17. The Maiden's Garland.——18. A loyal Garland of Mirth and Paſtime.——&c. &c. &c.

This ſort of petty publications were anciently called PENNY-MERRIMENTS: as little religious tracts of the ſame ſize went by the name PENNY GODLINESSES: In the Pepys Library are multitudes of both kinds.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

DEDICATION
Preface
Eſſay on the ancient Minſtrels — — *pag.* xv

BOOK THE FIRST.

1. *The ancient Ballad of Chevy-chace* — — 1
2. *The battle of Otterbourne* — — 18
3. *The Jew's Daughter. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 32
4. *Sir Cauline* — — — 35
5. *Edward, Edward. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 53
6. *King Eſtmere* — — — 56
7. *Sir Patrick Spence. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 71
8. *Robin Hood and Guy of Giſborne* — — 74
9. *The Tower of Doctrine* — — 87
10. *The Child of Elle* — — — 90
11. *Edom o' Gordon. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 99
12. *An Elegy on Henry 4th earl of Northumberland* — 107

BOOK THE SECOND.

(*Containing Ballads that illuſtrate Shakeſpeare.*)

Eſſay on the Origin of the Engliſh Stage — — 118
1. *Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudeſly* — — — 129
2. *The*

CONTENTS.

2. *The aged Lover renounceth Love* — — 161
3. *A Song to the lute in muſicke* — — 164
4. *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid* — 166
5. *Take thy old cloak about thee* — — 172
6. *Willow, Willow, Willow* — — 175
7. *Sir Lancelot du Lake* — — 181
8. *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis.* — — 187
The Ballad of conſtant Suſannah — — ib.
9. *Gernutus, the Jew of Venice* — — 189
10. *The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love* — 199
The Nymph's Reply — — — 201
11. *Titus Andronicus's Complaint* — — 203
12. *Take thoſe lips away* — — — 210
13. *King Leir and his three daughters* — — 211
14. *Youth and Age* — — — 219
15. *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune* 221
16. *The Friar of Orders gray* — — 225

BOOK THE THIRD.

1. *The more modern ballad of Chevy-chaſe* — 231
2. *Death's final conqueſt* — — — 246
3. *The Riſing in the North* — — 248
4. *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas* — 257
5. *My mind to me a kingdome is* — — 268
6. *The Patient Counteſs* — — — 272
7. *You meaner beautyes* — — — 280
8. *Dowſabell* — — — 282

9. *The*

9. *The Farewell to Love* — — — 288
10. *Ulysses and the Syren* — — — 289
11. *Cupid's Pastime* — — — 295
12. *The character of a happy life* — — 296
13. *Unfading Beauty* — — — 298
14. *Gilderoy. A Scottish Ballad* — — 299
15. *Winifreda* — — — 304
16. *Jemmy Dawson* — — — 306
17. *The Witch of Wokey* — — — 310
18. *Bryan and Pereene. A West India Ballad* — 313
19. *Gentle River, Gentle River. Translated from the Spanish* — — — 317
20. *Alcanzor and Zayda, a Moorish Tale* — 324
The Glossary — — — 330
Additions to the Glossary, *see at the End of Vol.* 3.
Additional Notes and Corrections *ibid.*

I never

I never heard the old ſong of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is ſung but by ſome blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude ſtile; which beeing ſo evill aparelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK I.

I.
THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

The fine heroic song of CHEVY-CHASE *has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.*

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of our present copy; for this, if one may judge from the stile, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem: the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament, that it was so evil-aparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.*

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist. 1719. 8vo. *vol.* 1. *To the MS. Copy is subjoined the name of the author,* RYCHARD SHEALE §: *whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in* 1588. *But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland* †, *(fol.* 42.) *under the title of the* HUNTIS OF CHEVET, *where the two following lines are also quoted;*

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette ‡.
That day, that day, that gentil day ‖:

Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the stile and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of James the Scotish king ⸸, *with one or two Ana-*

* *Spectator*, N° 70. 74.

§ *Subscribed [illegible] the usual manner of our old poets,* expliceth [*explicit*] quoth Rychard Sheale.

† *One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in* 1540. *See Ames.*

‡ *See Pt.* 2. *v.* 25. ‖ *See Pt.* 1. *v.* 104. ⸸ *Pt.* 2. *v.* 36. 140.

*Anachroniſms, forbid us to aſſign it an earlier date. King James I, who was priſoner in this kingdom at the death of his father *, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the ſecond year of our Henry VI ||, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne †. A ſucceſſion of two or three Jameſes, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the Engliſh, and diſpoſe a poet in thoſe rude times to give it to any Scottiſh king he happened to mention.*

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its ſubject, altho' it has no countenance from hiſtory, there is room to think it had originally ſome foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party ſhould hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies ‡. There had long been a rivalſhip between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, muſt have produced frequent challenges and ſtruggles for ſuperiority, petty invaſions of their reſpective domains, and ſharp conteſts for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in hiſtory. Something of this kind we may ſuppoſe gave riſe to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT ‡. *Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottiſh*

* *Who died Aug.* 5. 1406.

|| *James I. was crowned May* 22. 1424. *murdered Feb.* 21. 1436-7.

† *In* 1460.—*Hen. VI. was depoſed* 1461: *reſtored and ſlain* 1471.

‡ *Item*. . . Concordatum eſt, quod, . . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boſchas, forreſtas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius ſubditi, cauſa venandi, piſcandi, aucupandi, diſportum aut ſolacium in eiſdem, aliave quacunque de cauſa ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis ſuis prius capt. & obtent. *Vid. Bp. Nicholſon's Leges Marchiarum.* 1705. 8*vo. pag.* 27. 51.

‡ *This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt.* 1. *v.* 106. *Pt.* 2. *v,* 165.

border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN †, *a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of* CHEVY CHASE, *though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if indeed the lines* ‡ *in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.*

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. *f.* 29. 34. 61. 70 *& passim.*

THE FIRST PART.

THE Perse owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The

† *See the next ballad.* ‡ *Vid. Pt.* 2. *v.* 161.
V. 5. magger *in Hearne's MS.*

The fattiſte hartes in all Cheviat
He ſayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
Be my feth, ſayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Perſé owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtee meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear choſen out of ſhyars thre.

This begane on a monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys ſo he,
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear,
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every ſyde ſhear,
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;

Ver. 11. The the Perſé. *MS.* *V.* 13. archardes bolde off blood and bone. *MS.* *V.* 19. throrowe. *MS.*

Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The ſemblyd on ſydis ſhear;
To the quyrry then the Perſè went
To ſe the bryttlynge off the deare.

He ſayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear;
But I wyſte he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Perſè ſwear.

At the laſte a ſquyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge;
With him a myghtè meany,

Both with ſpear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti ſight to ſe.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Criſtiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith ſpear-men good
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave

V. 31. blwe a mot. *MS.* *V.* 42. myghtte. *MS.* *paſſim.*
V. 43. brylly. *MS.* *V.* 48. withowte . . . feale. *MS.*

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he ſayde,
And to your bowys tayk good heed;
For never ſithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never ſo mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a ſtede
He rode his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he ſays,
Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the ſpyt of me?

The firſt mane that ever him an anſwear mayd,
Yt was the good lord Perſè:
We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he ſays,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the ſpyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiſte hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and caſt to carry them a-way.
Be my troth, ſayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton of us ſhall de this day.

V. 52. boys lock ye tayk. *MS.* *V.* 54. ned. *MS.* *V.* 56. att his. *MS.* *V.* 59. whos. *MS.* *V.* 64. whoys. *MS.* *V.* 72. agay. *MS.*

Then ſayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Perſè:
To kyll all thes giltles men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Perſè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti ſtande;
And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Criſtes cors on his crowne, ſayd the lord Perſè,
Who-ſoever ther-to ſays nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he ſays,
Thow ſhalt never ſe that day.

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.

Then beſpayke a ſquyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton was his nam;
It ſhall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he ſays,
To kyng Herry the fourth for ſham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twa,
I am a poor ſquyar of lande;

I wyll

V. 81. ſayd the the, *MS.* *V.* 88. on, *i. e. one.* *V.* 93. *twaw. MS.*

I wyll never ſe my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And ſtande my-ſelffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The firſt FIT here I fynde.
And you wyll here any mor athe hontyng athe Chyviat
Yet ys ther mor behynd.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Yngliſhe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The firſt of arros that the ſhote off,
Seven ſkore ſpear-men the ſloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was ſene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his oſt in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With

V. 106. youe . . . hountyng. *MS.* *V.* 3. firſt, *i. e. flight.*
V. 5. byddys. *MS.*

With ſuar ſpeares off myghttè tre
The cum in on every ſyde.

Thrughe our Yngglyſhe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyſhe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright,
It was a hevy ſyght to ſe
Bryght ſwordes on baſnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many ſterne the ſtroke downe ſtreght.
Many a freyke, that was full fre,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At laſt the Duglas and the Perſè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The ſwapte togethar tyll the both ſwat
With ſwordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear baſnetes ſprente,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde

V. 17. boys. *MS.* *V.* 18. briggt. *MS.* *V.* 21. throrowe. *MS.* *V.* 22. done. *MS.* *V.* 26. to, *i. e. two.* *Ibid.* and of. *MS.* *V.* 32. ran. *MS.*

Holde the, Perſê, ſaid the Doglas,
And i' feth I ſhall the brynge
Wher thowe ſhalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottiſh kynge.

Thoue ſhalte have thy ranſom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyſte man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay ' then' ſayd the lord Perſê,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe haſtely
Forthe off a mightie wane,
Hit hathe ſtrekene the yerle Duglas
In at the breſt bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The ſharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days
He ſpayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

The

V. 33. helde. *MS.* *V.* 36. Scottiſh. *MS.* *V.* 49. throroue. *MS.*

The Perſê leanyde on his brande,
And ſawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And ſayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have ſavyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that ſe a Skottiſhe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He ſawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
He ſpendyd a ſpear a truſti tre:

He rod uppon a corſiare
Throughe a hondrith archery,
He never ſtyntyde, nar never blane
Tyll he cam to the good lord Perſê.

He ſet uppone the lorde Perſê
A dynte, that was full ſoare;
With a ſuar ſpear of a myghtè tre
Clean thorow the body he the Perſê bore,

Athe tothar ſyde, that a man myght ſe,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Criſtiantè,
Then that day ſlain wear thare.

An

V. 74. *ber. MS.* *V.* 78. *ther. MS.*

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say ſlean was the lord Perſè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off truſti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th harde ſtele halyde he;
A dynt, that was both ſad and ſoar,
He ſat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both ſad and 'ſoar,'
That he of Mongon-byrry ſete;
The ſwane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But ſtill in ſtour dyd ſtand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even-ſong bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many

V. 80. Say, *i. e. Sawe. MS. V.* 84. haylde. *MS. V.* 87. far. *MS.*

Many hade no ſtrenght for to ſtande,
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith ſpear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear ſlayne Cheviat within:
The hade no ſtrengthe to ſtand on he:
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was ſlayne withe the lord Perſè
Sir John of Agerſtone,
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he ſlayne ſhulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther

V. 102. abou. *MS.* *V.* 108. ſtrenge . . . hy. *MS.* *V.* 115. lõule. *MS.* *V.* 121. in to, *i. e. in two.* *V.* 122. Yet he . . . knv. *MS.*

Ther was ſlayne with the dougheti Duglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His ſiſtars ſon was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and haſell ſo 'gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears,
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe ſuch captayns, as ſlayne wear thear,
On the march perti ſhall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe
To Jamy the Skottiſhe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay ſlean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He ſayd, Alas, and woe ys me!

Such

V. 132. gay. *MS.* *V.* 136. mon. *MS.* *V.* 138. non. *MS.*

Such anothar captayn Skotland within,
He ſayd, y-feth ſhuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Perſê, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
He lay ſlayne Chyviat within.

God have merci'on his ſoll, ſayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he ſayd,
As good as ever was he:
But Perſê, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte ſhall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Perſê,
He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher ſyx and thritte Skottiſh knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over caſtill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this ſpurn:

Old

V. 146. ye feth. *MS.* *V.* 149. cheyff tennante. *MS.*

Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this ſpurne
Uppon a monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas ſlean,
The Perſè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas, and the Perſè met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the ſtret.

Jheſue Criſt our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God ſend us all good endyng!

* * *The ſtile of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarſeſt and broadeſt northern Dialect.*

Moſt of the ſur-names in theſe two poems, as well as in the modern ſong of Chevy Chaſe, will be found either in the liſts belonging to the northern counties in Fuller's Worthies, or ſubſcribed to treaties preſerved in Nicholſon's Laws of the Borders. See alſe Crawfurd's Peerage.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Homeldon, was fought Sep. 14. 1402. *(anno* 3. *Hen. IV.) wherein the Engliſh, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his ſon Hotſpur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots.*

II.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was ſlain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the ſubject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an Engliſh poet, and much in the ſame manner as it is recorded in the Engliſh Chronicles. The Scottiſh writers have, with a partiality at leaſt as excuſeable, related it no leſs in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumſtantial narrative of the whole affair from Froiſſart a French hiſtorian, who appears to be unbiaſſed. Froiſſart's relation is prolix; I ſhall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourſe to other authorities, and differs from Froiſſart in ſome things, which I ſhall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "*The Scots taking advantage of the confuſions of this nation, and falling with a party into the weſt-marches, ravaged the country about Carliſle and carried off* 300 *priſoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by ſome of the principal nobility, that in the beginning of Auguſt*, they invaded Northumberland: and having waſted part of the county of Durham†, advanced to the gates of Newcaſtle; where in*

* *Froiſſart ſpeaks of both parties (conſiſting in all of more than* 40,000 *men) as entering England at the ſame time: but the greater part by way of Carliſle.*

† *And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamborough-ward (or ſhire): a large tract of land ſo named from the town and caſtle of Bamburgh.*

" *in a ſkirmiſh, they took a 'penon or' colours* belonging to Hen-*
" *ry lord Percy, ſurnamed Hotſpur, ſon to the Earl of North-*
" *umberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the caſtle*
" *of Otterbourn: and in the evening of Aug.* 9. *(as the*
" *Engliſh writers ſay, or rather, according to Froiſſart,*
" *Aug.* 15.) *after an unſucceſsful aſſault were ſurprized in*
" *their camp, which was very ſtrong, by Henry, who at*
" *the firſt onſet put them into a good deal of confuſion. But*
" *James earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there enſued one*
" *of the beſt-fought actions that happened in that age; both*
" *armies ſhewing the utmoſt bravery†: the earl Douglas*
" *himſelf being ſlain on the ſpot‡; the earl of Murrey mor-*
" *tally wounded; and Hotſpur‖, with his brother Ralph*
" *Percy, taken priſoners. Theſe diſaſters on both ſides have*
" *given occaſion to the event of the engagement's being diſ-*
" *puted; Froiſſart (who derives his relation from a Scotch*
" *knight, two gentlemen of the ſame country, and as many*
" *of Foix §) affirming that the Scots remained maſters of the*
" *field; and the Engliſh writers inſinuating the contrary.*
" *Theſe laſt maintain that the Engliſh had the better of the*
" *day:*

* *This circumſtance is omitted in the ballad. Lord Percy and E. Douglas were two young warriors much of the ſame age.*

† *Froiſſart ſays the Engliſh exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that theſe had the advantage of the ground, and were alſo freſh from ſleep, while the Engliſh were greatly fatigued with their previous march.*

‡ *By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our old Engliſh hiſtorians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may belive Froiſſart.*

‖ *Henry Lord Percy (after a very ſharp conflict) was taken priſoner by John lord Montgomery, whoſe eldeſt ſon Sir Hugh was ſlain in the ſame action with an arrow, according to Crawfurd's Peerage (and ſeems alſo to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p.* 13.) *but taken priſoner and exchanged for Lord Percy according to this ballad.*

§ *Froiſſart (according to the Eng. Tranſlation) ſays he had hi account from two ſquires of England, and from a knight and ſquire of Scotland, ſoon after the battle.*

" *day: but night coming on, ſome of the northern lords,*
" *coming with the biſhop of Durham to their aſſiſtance, killed*
" *many of them by miſtake, ſuppoſing them to be Scots; and*
" *the earl of Dunbar at the ſame time falling on another ſide*
" *upon Hotſpur, took him and his brother priſoners, and car-*
" *ried them off while both parties were fighiing. It is at*
" *leaſt certain, that immediately after this battle, the Scots*
" *engaged in it made the beſt of their way home: and the*
" *ſame party was taken by the other corps about Carliſle.*

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he ſeems not to be free from partiality; for prejudice muſt own that Froiſſart's circumſtantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does juſtice to the courage of both parties; and repreſents their mutual generoſity in ſuch a light, that the preſent age might edify by the example. " *The Englyſſhmen on the one partye,*
" *and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for*
" *whan they mete there is a hard fighte without ſparynge.*
" *There is no hoo* bytwene them as long as ſpeares, ſwordes,*
" *axes, or dagers wyll endure, but lay on eche upon other:*
" *and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath*
" *obtayned the victory, they than glorifye ſo in their dedes of*
" *armes, and are ſo joyfull, that ſuche as be taken, they ſhall*
" *be raunſomed or they go out of the felde†; ſo that ſhortely*
" ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OTHER,
" THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOYSLY THEY
" WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. *But in fyghtynge*
" *one with another there is no playe, nor ſparynge.*" *Froiſſart's Cronycle (as tranſlated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners) Cap. cxlij.*

The following ballad is printed from a manuſcript copy in the Harleian Collection [*No.* 293. *fol.* 52.] *where it is intitled,* " *A ſonge made in R.* 2. *his tyme of the battele of*
" *Otter-*

* *So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Caſtle,* 1575. 12°. *p.* 61. " *Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng.*"

† i. e. *They ſcorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.*

"*Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percye earle of Nor-*
"*thomberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande,* Anno,
"1388."—*But this title is erroneous and added by ſome ignorant tranſcriber of after-times: for,* 1. *The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was abſent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his ſon* LORD *(or as he is every where called by Froiſſart, as well as in this poem,* SIR) HENRY PERCY. 2. *Altho' the battle was fought in Richard IId's time, the ſong is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles, ſee ver.* 130: *which he would not have done had it been a very recent event. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing ſong, if not earlier, which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumſtances with which the ſtory is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preſerved in the memory of old people. It will be obſerved that the authors of theſe two poems have ſome lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor, muſt depend upon their priority; and this the ſagacity of the reader muſt determine.*

YT felle about the Lamas tyde,
When hoſbandes 'inn' their haye,
The dughtie Douglas bowned him to ride,
In England to take a praye:

The earle of Fyffe, withouten ſtriffe,
He bounde him over Sulway*:
The grete wold ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye.

Ver. 2. Winn their waye. *MS.* Winn their hay. *Crawfurd's Peerage. p.* 97. * *Solway frith.* bounde, *Vid. Gloſſ.*

Over Hoppertop hill they came in,
And ſo doune by Rodelyffe crage,
Upon grene Lynton they lighted downe,
Many a ſtirande ſtage:

And boldely brent Northomberlande,
And haried many a towne;
They did our Engliſhe men great wronge,
To battelle that weare not 'bowne.'

Then ſpake a berne uppon the bent,
Of comforte that was not coulde,
And ſaid, We have brent Northomberlande,
We have all welthe in holde.

Now we have carried all Bamborroweſhire,
All the welthe in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ride to New Caſtelle,
So ſtill and ſtalworthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The ſtandards ſhone fulle brighte;
To the New Caſtelle they tooke the waye,
And thither they came fulle right.

Sir Henrye Percy laye at the New Caſtelle,
I telle you withouten dreede;

He

V. 16. bounde. *MS.* *V.* 21. *Probably* harried. *Vid. Gloſſ.*

He had bine a marche-man* all his dayes,
And kepte Barwicke upon Tweed.

To the New Caſtelle when they cam,
The Scottes they cried on height,
Sir Harye Percy, and thou beſte within,
Come to the feeld, and fyghte:

For we have brente Northomberland,
Thy eritage good and right,
And ſyne my lodginge I have take,
With my brande dubbed many a knight.

Sir Henry 'he' came to the walles,
The Scottiſhe oſte for to ſee,
And thou haſte brente Northomberland,
Full ſore it ruethe mee.

Yf thou haſt harried all Bambarowe ſhire,
Thou haſte done me great envie,
For the treſpas thou haſte me done,
The tone of us ſhall dye.

Wher ſhall I byde thee, ſaid the Douglas,
Or wher wilte thou come to me?
"At Otterburne in the highe waye,
Theare maieſte thou well lodged be.

* Marche-man, *i. e. a ſcowrer of the marches.*

The 'roe' full rekeles ther ſhe runes,
To make the game and glee:
The faulkone and the feſante bothe,
Amonge the holtes on 'hee'.

Theare maieſte thou have thie welthe at will,
Well lodged there maiſte thou be;
Yt ſhall not be long, or I com thee till,
Sayd Sir Henrye Percy.

Ther ſhall I byde thee, ſaid the Douglas,
By the faithe of my bodye.
Ther ſhall I come, ſayes Sir Harye Percy;
My trowthe I plighte to thee.

A pipe of wyne he gave him over the walles,
For ſouth, as I you ſaye:
Theare he made the Douglas drinke,
And all his hoſte that daye.

The Douglas turned him homwarde againe,
For ſouthe withouten naye,
He tooke his lodginge at Otterburne
Uppon a wedenſdaye:

And theare he pight his ſtandard doune,
His getinge more and leſſe,

And

V. 53. rowe. *MS.* *V.* 56. hye. *MS.* *V.* 74. leſe. *MS.*

And ſyne he warned his men to goe
To chooſe their geldings graſſe.

A Scottiſhe knight hovered 'on the bent,'
A watche I dare well ſaye:
So was he ware one the noble Percye
In the dawninge of the daye.

He pricked to his pavilliane dore,
As faſt as he might roone,
Awakene, Dowglas, cried the knight,
For his love, that ſits in throne.

Awakene, Dowglas, cride the knight,
For thow maieſte wakene with wynne;
Yonder have I ſpiede the proud Perſye,
And ſevene ſtandards with him.

Naye by my trowthe, the Douglas ſayde,
It is but a fained call:
The durſte not looke one my bred bannor,
For all England to haylle.

Was I not yeſterdaye at the Newe Caſtell,
That ſtands ſo fayere one Tyne?
For all the men the Percye hade,
He could not gare me once to dyne.

He

V. 77. upon the beſt bent. *MS.* *V.* 79. one, *i. e. or, for of.*

He ſteped out at his pavillian dore,
To looke and it were leſse ;
Arraye you, lordinges, one and all,
For heare begyns no peace.

The earle of Mentaye*, thou art my eame,
The fowarde I geve to thee :
The earle of Hunteley kawte and keene,
He ſhall with thee bee.

The lord of Bowghan† in armor brighte
One the other hande he ſhall be ;
Lord Jhonſtone, and lord Maxwell,
They two ſhall be with me.

Swintone faire feelde uppon your pride
To battelle make you bowen :
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stewarde,
Sir John of Agurſtone.

The Percy came before his oſte,
Which was ever a gentle knighte,
Uppon the Dowglas lowde can he crie,
I wille hould that I have highte :

For thowe haſte brente Northomberlande,
And done me greate envye ;

For

* *The earl of Menteith.* † *The lord Buchan. V.* 113. 125. Pearcy. *MS. V.* 116. *I will hold to what I have promiſed.*

For this treſpas thou haſte me done,
The tone of us ſhall dye.

The Dowglas anſwered him againe
With greate worde upe on 'hee',
And ſayd, I have twenty againſt thy one,
Beholde and thou mayeſte ſee.

With that the Percy was greeved ſore,
For ſothe as I you ſaye:
Jheſu Chriſte in hevene on height
Did helpe him well that daye.

But nine thouſand thear was no more,
The Chronicles will not leane;
Forty thouſand of Scots and fowere
That daye foughte them againe.

Uppon St. Andrewe loud cane they crye,
And Chriſte they ſhout on heighte,
And ſyne 'marcht on' our Engliſhe men,
As I have tould you righte.

St. George the brighte our Ladye's knighte
To name they* weare full fayne,
Our Engliſhe mene they cried on height,
And Chriſte they ſhoute againe.

With

V. 122. highe. *MS.* *V.* 135. marked then one. *MS.*
* *i. e. the Engliſh.*

With that ſharpe arrowes gane up to fly,
I tell you in ſertayne,
Men of armes begane to joyne;
Many a doughty man was ſlayne.

The Percye and the Douglas mette,
That ether of other was faine,
The ſwapped together, whille that they ſwatte,
With ſwoards of ffyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from the baſſonets ranne,
As the rocke doth in the rayne.
Yeld thee to me, ſayd the Dowglàs,
Or elſe thowe ſhalte be ſlayne:

For I ſee, by thy brighte baſſonete,
Thou art ſome mane of mighte,
And ſo I doe by thy burniſhed brande,
Thou arte an earle, or elſe a knighte*.

By my good faithe, ſaid the noble Percye,
Now haſte thou rede full righte,
Yet will I never yeeld me to thee,
Whille I maye ſtonde and fighte.

They ſwopede together, whille that they ſwotte,
With ſwoards ſharpe and longe;

Eiche

V. 144. was theare ſlaine. *MS.* *V.* 147. ſchapped. *MS.*
* *Being all in armour he could not know him.*

Eiche one other ſo faſte they beete,
Tyll their helmets came in pieces downe.

The Percye was a mane of ſtrengthe,
I tell you in this ſtownde,
He ſmote the Dowglas at the ſwords length,
That he felle to the grounde.

The ſwoard was ſharpe and ſoare can byte,
I tell you in certáyne;
To the earle he coulde him ſmytte,
Thus was the Dowglas ſlayne.

The ſtonderes ſtood ſtill one elke ſyde
With many a greevous grone;
Ther the foughte the daye, and all the nighte,
And many a doughtie man was 'ſlone.'

Ther was no ffreke, that wold flye,
But ſtyfly in ſtowre cane ſtand,
Eyche hewinge on other whylle they might drye,
With many a balfull brande.

Theare was ſlayne uppon the Scotes ſyd,
For ſouthe and ſertenlye,
Sir James Dowglas theare was ſlayne,
That daye that he could dye.

V. 163. *i. e. Each on other.* *V.* 176. ſlayne. *MS.* *V.* 179. Eyche one hewinge. *MS.* *V.* 180. bronde. *MS.* *V.* 184. *i. e. He died that day.*

The earlle of Mentay he was ſlayne,
  Griſly groned uppon the grounde;
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stuard,
  Sir James of Agurſtonne.

Sir Charles Murrey in that place
  That never a foote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lord he was,
  With the Dowglas did he dye.

Theare was ſlayne upon the Scottiſhe ſyde,
  For ſouthe as I you ſaye,
Of four and forty thouſand Scotts
  Went but eighteene awaye.

Theare was ſlain upon the Engliſhe ſyde,
  For ſouthe and ſertenlye,
A gentle knighte, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
  Yt was the more pittye.

Sir James Harbotle ther was ſlayne,
  For him their harts weare ſoare,
The gentle 'Lovelle' thear was ſlayne,
  That bare Percyes ſtandard boare.

Theare was ſlayne uppon the Englyſhe parte,
  For ſoothe as I you ſaye;

Of

V. 193. Scotts. *MS. but ſee v.* 197. *V.* 203. Covelle. *MS.* — *For the names in this page and in page* 14. *ſee the* ADDITIONS, *&c. at the end of vol.* 3.

Of nine thouſand Engliſhe mene
Fyve hondred came awaye:

The other weare ſlayne in the feeld,
Chriſte keepe thear ſowles from wo,
Seeinge thear was ſo fewe frendes
Againſt ſo manye foo.

Then one the morowe they made them beeres
Of byrche, and haſelle graye;
Many a wydowe with weepinge teeres
Their maks they fette away.

This fraye begane at Otterborne
Betweene the nighte and the daye:
Theare the Dowglas loſte his lyfe,
And the Percye was leade away*.

Then was theare a Scottyſhe priſonere tane,
Sir Hughe Mongomerye was his namé,
For ſoothe as I you ſaye
He borowed the Percye home agayne.

Nowe let us all for the Percye praye
To Jeaſue moſte of might,
To bringe his ſowle to the blyſs of heven,
For he was a gentle knight.

V. 213. one, *i. e. on.* * *ſc. captive,* *V.* 225. Pereyes. *MS.*

III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— Is founded upon the ſuppoſed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwiſe murthering Chriſtian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuſe for the cruelties exerciſed upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a ſingle inſtance. For if we conſider, on the one hand, the ignorance and ſuperſtition of the times when ſuch ſtories took their riſe, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerneſs with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of ſo much horror, we may reaſonably conclude the whole charge to be groundleſs and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon ſome Italian Legend, and bears a great reſemblance to the Prioreſſe's Tale in Chaucer: the poet ſeems alſo to have had an eye to the known ſtory of HUGH OF LINCOLN, *a child ſaid to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The concluſion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be ſeen in Chaucer. As for* MIRRYLAND TOWN, *it is probably a corruption of* MILAN *(called by the Dutch* MEYLANDT*)* TOUN; *ſince the* PA *is evidently the river* PO.

Printed from a MS. copy ſent from Scotland.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the ſweit bairne did win.

And ſcho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir ſpak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dreſſing borde,
And dreſt him like a ſwine,
And laughing ſaid, Gae nou and pley
With zour ſweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie ſtil and ſleip.
Scho caſt him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and maſs was ſung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong ſonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And ſair ſair gan ſhe weip:
And ſhe ran into the Jewis caſtèl,
Quhan they wer all aſleip.

My bonny ſir Hew, my pretty ſir Hew,
I pray thee to me ſpeik:
'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
'Gin ze zour ſonne wad ſeik.'

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny ſir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee ſpeik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife ſticks in my hert,
A word I dounae ſpeik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling ſheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa ſall meet.

* * * * *

IV.

SIR CAULINE.

This old Romantic tale was preſerved in the Editor's folio MS, but in ſo defective and mutilated a condition that it was neceſſary to ſupply ſeveral ſtanzas in the firſt part, and ſtill more in the ſecond, to connect and compleat the ſtory.

There is ſomething peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unuſual to meet with redundant ſtanzas of ſix lines; but the occaſional inſertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. *is an irregularity I do not remember to have ſeen elſewhere.*

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. *v.* 106. *that the* ROUND TABLE *was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. Any king was ſaid to "hold a round table" when he proclaimed a tournament attended with ſome peculiar ſolemnities. See Mr. Warton's Obſervations, Vol.* 2. *p.* 44.

As to what will be obſerved in this ballad of the art of healing being practiſed by a young princeſs; it is no more than what is uſual in all the old Romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from

the earlieſt times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations for women, even of the higheſt rank, to exerciſe the art of ſurgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damſells ſtanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives thoſe of their huſbands; from the prince down to the meaneſt of his followers. See L'Introd. à l'Hiſt. de Dannemarc. L. v. p. 199. *Memoires de la Chevalerie. Tom.* 1. *p.* 44.

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the ſea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him ſyr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In faſhyon ſhe hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her beſt of all,
But nothing durſt he ſaye;
Ne deſcreeve his counſayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may'.

Till on a daye it ſo beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One

One while he ſpred his armes him fro,
  One while he ſpred them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
  For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our pariſh-maſſe was done,
  Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He ſayes, Where is ſyr Cauline,
  That is wont to ſerve the wyne?

Then aunſwerde him a courteous knighte,
  And faſt his handes gan wringe:
Syr Cauline is ſicke, and like to dye
  Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
  She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And ſerve him with the wyne ſoe red;
  Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Chriſtabelle to his chaumber goes,
  Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, ſhe ſayth, how doth my lord?
  O ſicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryſe up wightlye, man, for ſhame,
  Never lye ſoe cowardlee;

For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kiſſe,
Then were I brought from bale to bliſſe,
No lenger wold I lye.

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, ſyr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe ſome deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm ſhold happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, ſyr knighte, wake there all nighte
Untill the fayre mornìnge.

For the Eldridge knighte, ſo mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him ſcath and ſcorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy ſpeede
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy ſake, faire ladie:
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you ſee.

The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed ſoone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did riſe,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightſome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents ſoe browne:
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
My life it is but gone.

And ſoone he ſpyde on the mores ſo broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a ſayre kyrtèll:

And ſoe faſt he called on ſyr Caulìne,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He ſayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cauſe thou minged not Chriſt before,
The leſs me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his ſteed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either ſhooke his truſtye ſpeare,
And the timber theſe two children * bare
Soe ſoone in ſunder 'yode.'

Then tooke they out theyr two good ſwordes,
And layden on full faſte,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and ſheelde,
They all were well-nye braſt.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And ſtiffe in ſtower did ſtande,

But

* *i. e. knights. See Vol. 1. pag. 58. V. 102.* ſlode. *MS.*

But ſyr Cauline with a 'backward' ſtroke,
He ſmote off his right-hand;
That ſoone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up ſyr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head ſo hye:
And here I ſweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou ſhalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faſte wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Withold that deadlye brande.

For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Now ſmyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He ſhall thy heſts obaye.

Now ſweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Chriſt his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To ſporte, gamon, or playe:
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The

Ver. 109. *aukeward. MS.*

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a ſorrowfulle ſighe;
And ſware to obey ſyr Caulines heſt,
Till the tyme that he ſhold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his ſaddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr caſtle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was ſo large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be ſlone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge ſworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off thoſe ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked ſyr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither ſtint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye ſee.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
Theſe tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, ſyr Caulìne,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy heſts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!——
Ne more his tonge colde ſaye.

The ladye bluſhed ſcarlette redde,
And fette a gentill ſighe:
Alas! ſyr knight how may this bee,
For my degree's ſoe highe?

But ſith thou haſt hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promiſe if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then ſhee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte ſo free:
He gave to it one gentill kiſſe,
His heart was brought from bale to bliſſe,
The teares ſterte from his ee.

But keep my counſayl, ſyr Caulìne,
Ne let no man it knowe;

For and ever my father ſholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us ſloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde ſyr Caulìne the knighte :
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan ſhee was in his ſight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arbòure,
Where they in love and ſweet daliaunce
Paſt manye a pleaſaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye ſweete its ſowre :
This founde the ladye Chriſtabelle
In an untimely howre.

For ſo it befelle as ſyr Caulìne
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire :

And

And into the arboure as he went
To reſt his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and ſyr Caulîne
There ſette in daliaunce ſweet.

The kinge hee ſterted forthe, I-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou ſhalt hange or drawe,
And rewe ſhall thy ladìe.

Then forthe ſyr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre ſo hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene ſhe was ſyr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge ſayd ſhee:
I praye you ſave ſyr Caulines life,
And let him baniſht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor ſhal be ſent
Acroſs the ſalt ſea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè;

And many a time he ſighed ſore,
And caſt a wiſtfulle eye:
Faire Chriſtabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Chriſtabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever ſhee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth ſome faire lillye flowre.

And ever ſhee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover ſoe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'ſt on mee,
But I will ſtill be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did ſue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never ſhee wolde them nee.

When manye a day was paſt and gone,
Ne comforte ſhe colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
The cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countryè,

To

To break a ſpere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was ſette
In purple and in palle:
But faire Chriſtabelle ſoe woe-begone
Was the fayreſt of them all.

Then manyè a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye;
But a ſtranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his ſheelde,
Ne noe man wiſt whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
Whan they came out the feelde.

And now three days were preſtlye paſt
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A ſorrowfulle ſight they ſee.

A hugye giaunt ſtiffe and ſtarke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold theſe heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath ſlain.

The Eldridge knìght is his owne cousìne,
Whom a knight of thine hath ſhent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath ſent.

But yette he will appeaſe his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers muſt brenne.

Thy head, ſyr king, muſt goe with mee;
Or elſe thy daughter deere;
Or elſe within theſe liſts ſoe broad
Thou muſt finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woè:

Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongſt yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme ſoldàn,
Right fair his meede ſhall bee.

For hee ſhall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he ſhall winne faire Chriſtabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did ſtand both ſtill and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim ſoldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When ſhe ſawe no helpe was nye:
She caſt her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares guſht from her eye.

Up then ſterte the ſtranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme ſoldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge ſworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truſte in Chriſte for to ſlay this fiende
Thoughe he be ſtiff in ſtowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge ſworde,
The kinge he cryde, with ſpeede:
Nowe heaven aſſiſt thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he ſtepped into the liſts,
And ſayd, Awaye, awaye:
I ſweare, as I am the hend ſoldàn,
Thou letteſt me here all daye.

Then forthe the ſtranger knight he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye ſighed a gentle ſighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the liſts ſoe broad;
And now with ſwordes ſoe ſharpe of ſteele,
They gan to lay on load.

The ſoldan ſtrucke the knighte a ſtroke,
That made him reele aſyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice ſhe deeply ſighde.

The

The ſoldan ſtrucke a ſecond ſtroke,
That made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice ſhe wept for woe.

The ſoldan ſtrucke a third fell ſtroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad ſorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And ſhe ſhriekt loud ſhreikings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All reckleſſe of the pain:
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my ſpeede,
Or elſe I ſhall be ſlaine.

He graſped his ſworde with mayne and mighte,
And ſpying a ſecrette part,
He drave it into the ſoldan's ſyde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a ſhoute,
Whan they ſawe the ſoldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Chriſt,
That had reſkewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Roſe uppe from offe his ſeate,
And downe he ſtepped intò the liſtes
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen intò a ſwounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Laye lifeleſſe on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of ſkille;
Farre lever had I loſe halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte ſholde ſpille.

Downe then ſteppeth that fayre ladyè,
To helpe him if ſhe maye;
But when ſhe did his beavere raiſe,
It is my life, my lord, ſhe ſayes,
And ſhriekte and ſwound awaye.

Sir Cauline juſte lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wiſht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He cloſed his eyes in deathe,
Ere Chriſtabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when ſhe found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,

Shee

Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus ſhe made her moane.

O ſtaye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I ſhold followe thee,
Who haſt bought my love ſoe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye ſwoune,
And with a deepe-fette ſighe,
That burſte her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Chriſtabelle did dye.

* * *

V.

EDWARD, EDWARD,

A Scottish Ballad,

From a MS. copy tranſmitted from Scotland.

QUHY dois zour brand ſae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand ſae drap wi' bluid?
And quhy ſae ſad gang zee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke ſae guid,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke ſae guid ;
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid ;
Edward, Edward.
Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid ;
My deir ſon I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
Mither, mither :
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
That erſt was ſae fair and frie, O.

Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward :
Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither :
O, I hae killed my fadir deir
Alas ! and wae is mee, O !

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that ?
Edward, Edward.
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that ?
My deir ſon, now tell me, O.
Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither :
Ile

Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the ſea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were ſae fair to ſee, O?
Ile let thame ſtand tul they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame ſtand tul they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the ſea, O?
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I ſee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward:
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir ſon, now tell mee, O.
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Sic counſeils ze gave to me, O. 55

VI.

KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It ſhould ſeem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whoſe empire there was not fully extinguiſhed before the year 1491. *The Mahometans are ſpoken of in v.* 49, *&c. juſt in the ſame terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of* SIR BEVIS, *repreſents his hero upon all occaſions, breathing out defiance againſt*

" *Mahound and Termagaunte* ‡ ;"

And ſo full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite meſſage to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and ſent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

" *I wyll not ones ſtirre off this grounde,*
" *To ſpeake with an heathen hounde.*
" *Unchriſten houndes, I rede you fle,*
" *Or I your harte bloud ſhall ſe* †."

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elſwhere " *A chriſten hounde* *."

This

‡ *See at the end of this ballad, Note* †††
† *Sign. C. ij. b.* * *Sign. C. j. b.*

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I. but that king Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic ‡. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old minstrels, (those successors of the bards) raised much higher than he has yet observed it ‖: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and found no difficulty to gain admittance to the king's headquarters. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the*

‡ *Odyss. α.* 105. ‖ *See vol.* 2. *p.* 163.

* *Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find minstrels and heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.*

the great reverence paid to that order of men. Harold Harfax, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to ſeat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his ſide in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witneſſes of the great exploits they were to celebrate †. —— *As to Eſtmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was uſual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we ſee a relic of this cuſtom ſtill kept up, in the champion's riding into Weſtminſter hall during the coronation dinner.*

HEarken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you ſhall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldeſt brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was kyng Eſtmere;
The were as bolde men in their deedes,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Eſtmeres halle:
Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then beſpake him kyng Eſtmere,
And anſwered him haſtilee:
I knowe

† *Mallet, Introd. a l'Hiſ. de Dannemarc, p.* 240. *Bartholini Antiq. Dan. p.* 173.

I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
That is able * to marry with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and ſheene;
If I were kyng here in your ſtead,
That ladye ſholde be queene.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merrye Engländ,
Where we might find a meſſenger
Betweene us two to ſende.

Sayes, You ſhal ryde yourſelfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companèe;
Many throughe fals meſſengers are deceivde,
And I feare leſt ſoe ſhold wee.

Thus the reniſht them to ryde
Of twoe good reniſht ſteedes,
And when they came tò kyng Adlands halle,
Of red golde ſhone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle
Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good kyng Adländ
Rearing himſelfe theratt.

Nowe

* *He means, fit, ſuitable.*

Nowe Chriſt thee ſave, good kyng Adlànd;
Nowe Chriſt thee ſave and ſee.
Sayd, you be welcome, kyng Eſtmere,
Right hartilye unto mee.

You have a daughter, ſayd Adler yonge,
Men call her bright and ſheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to bee qucene.

Yeſterdaye was at my deare daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then ſhee nicked him of naye,
I feare ſheele do youe the ſame.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynìm,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, ſayes kyng Eſtmere,
For my love I you praye,
That I may ſee your daughter deare
Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is ſeven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
Shee ſhall come downe once for your ſake
To glad my gueſtès all.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And eke as manye gentle ſquieres,
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head ſette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye rynge on her ſmalle fingèr,
Shone of the chryſtall free.

Sayes, Chriſt you ſave, my deare madàme;
Sayes, Chriſt you ſave and ſee.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Eſtmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you ſaye,
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone ſped now itt may bee.

Then beſpake her father deare:
My daughter, I ſaye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he ſayd yeſterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and caſtles,
And reave me of my lyfe:

And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your caſtles and your towres, father,
Are ſtronglye built aboute;
And therefore of that foule paynim
Wee neede not ſtande in doubte.

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Eſtmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Eſtmere he plyght his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden ſcant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a grimme barône,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Then ſhee ſent after kyng Eſtmère
In all the ſpede might bee,
That he muſt either returne and fighte,
Or goe home and loſe his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken kyng Eſtmere
I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Eſtmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you ſore annoye.

You had not ridden ſcant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a grimme barône,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

That ladye fayre ſhe greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You muſt either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loſe your ladyè.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade ſhall ryde † at thee,
Whiche waye we beſt may turne and fighte,
To ſave this fayre ladyè.

Now hearken to me, ſayes Adler yonge,
And your reade muſt riſe † at me,
I quicklye will deviſe a waye
To ſette thy ladye free.

My mother was a weſterne woman,
And learned in gramaryè *,
And when I learned at the ſchole,
Something ſhee taught itt mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
Itt will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;

That

†† *ſic.* * *See at the end of this ballad, Note* *.*.

That ſworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you ſhal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrèe;
And Ile be your boye, ſo faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you ſhall be the beſt harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I will be the beſt ſingèr,
That ever ſung in this land.

Itt ſhal be written in our forheads
All and in gramaryè,
That we towe are the boldeſt men,
That are in all Chriſtentyè.

And thus they reniſht them to ryde,
On towe good reniſh ſteedes;
And whan they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold ſhone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himſelfe theratt.

Sayes, Chriſt thee ſave, thou proud portèr:
Sayes, Chriſt thee ſave and ſee.
Nowe you be welcome, ſayd the portèr,
Of what land ſoever ye bee.

We been harpers, ſayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the northe countrèe;
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to ſee.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild ſaye king Eſtmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt ſaye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Eſtmère,
And ſore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eſtmere he light off his ſteede
Up att the fayre hall board;
The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes,

Sayes, Stable thou ſteede, thou proud harpèr,
Goe ſtable him in the ſtalle;
Itt doth not beſeeme a proud harpèr
To ſtable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is ſo lither, he ſayd,
He will do nought that's meete;
And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate.

Thou ſpeakſt proud wordes, ſayd the Paynim kyng,
Thou harper here to mee;
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy lad and thee.

O lett that man come downe, he ſayd,
A ſight of him wolde I ſee;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he ſhall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durſt not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, ſayd the kyng of Spayne,
And how what aileth thee?
He ſayes, Itt is written in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,

That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Eſtmere then pulled forth his harpe,
And playd theron ſo ſweete:
Upſtarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee ſate at the meate.

Nowe ſtay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
Now ſtay thy harpe, I ſay;
For an thou playeſt as thou beginneſt,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He ſtrucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free;
The ladye was ſo pleaſde theratt,
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe ſell me thy harpe, ſayd the kyng of Spayne,
Thy harpe and ſtryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou ſhalt have,
As there be ſtryngs thereon.

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he ſayd,
Iff I did ſell it yee?
To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.

Now

Now ſell me, ſyr kyng, thy bryde ſoe gay,
As ſhee ſitts laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde ſo gay,
Iff I did ſell her yee?
More ſeemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and ſhrille,
And Adler he did ſyng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayeſt ſee;
"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye louked, the ladye bluſhte,
And bluſhte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath ſir Bremor ſlayne.

Up then roſe the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have ſlayne our kyng,
And therefore yee ſhall dye.

Kyng Eſtmere threwe the harpe aſyde,
And ſwith he drew his brand;
And Eſtmere he, and Adler yonge
Right ſtiffe in ſtour can ſtand.

And aye their ſwordes ſoe ſore can byte,
Throughe help of gramaryè,
That ſoone they have ſlayne the kempery men,
Or forſt them forth to flee.

Kyng Eſtmere tooke that fayre ladye,
And marryed her to his wyfe,
And brought her home to merrye England
With her to leade his lyfe.

*** *The word* GRAMARYE *occurs ſeveral times in the foregoing poem, and every where ſeems to ſignify Magic or ſome kind of ſupernatural ſcience. I know not whence to derive it, unleſs it be from the word* GRAMMAR: *in thoſe dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to read and write; he who had made a little farther progreſs in literature might well paſs for a conjurer or magician.*

†††† TERMAGAUNT (*p.* 56.) *is the name given in the old Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of* SYR GUY *the Soudan (Sultan) ſwears,*

"*So helpe me Mahowne of might,*
"*And Termagaunt my God ſo bright.*"
Sign. P. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Tyn *Very, and* Magan *Mighty.* —— *After the times of the Cruſades, both* MAHOUND *and* TERMAGAUNT *made their conſtant appearance in the Pageants and*

and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with geſtures ſo furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton ſpeaks of Wolſey,

"*Lyke Mahound in a play,*
"*No man dare him withſaye.*"
Ed. 1736. *p.* 158.

And Bale in his Acts of Engliſh Votaries, pt. 2d. ſays— "*Grennyng like Termagauntes in a play.*"—*Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expreſſion in Shakeſpeare, where condemning a ranting player he ſays,* "*I could have ſuch a* "*fellow whipt for ore-doing* TERMAGANT: *it out-Herod's* "*Herod.*" *A.* 3. *ſc.* 3. *By degrees the word came to be applied to any outrageous turbulent perſon* †, *and at laſt to a violent brawling woman only; and this the rather as, I ſuppoſe, the ancient figure of* TERMAGANT *was repreſented, after the Eaſtern mode, with long robes or petticoats.*

† *So Mr. Johnſ. in his Dict.*

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— *is given from two MS copies tranſmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved ſo deſtructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to diſcover; yet am of opinion that their cataſtrophe is not altogether without foundation in hiſtory, though it has eſcaped my reſearches. In the infancy of navigation, ſuch as uſed the northern ſeas, were very liable to ſhipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards)* "*That there be na* "*ſchip frauchted out of the realm with ony ſtaple gudes, fra* "*the feaſt of Simons day and Jude, unto the feaſt of the* "*purification our Lady called Candelmeſs.*" *Jam. III. Parlt* 2. *Ch.* 15.

In ſome modern copies, inſtead of Patrick Spence hath been ſubſtituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottiſh admiral who flouriſhed in the time of our Edw. IV. but whoſe ſtory hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the moſt noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that like the Theban Hercules, he hath engroſſed the renown of other heroes.

THE king ſits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid ſailòr,
To ſail this ſchip of mine?

Up and ſpak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the beſt ſailòr,
That ſails upon the ſe.

The king has written a braid lettèr,
And ſignd it wi' his hand;
And ſent it to ſir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the ſand.

The firſt line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To ſend me out this time o'the zeir,
To ſail upon the ſe?

Mak haſte, mak haſte, my mirry men all,
Our guid ſchip ſails the morne.
O ſay na ſae, my maſter deir,
For I feir a deadlie ſtorme.

Late late yeſtreen I ſaw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir maſtèr,
That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild ſhoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they ſwam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies ſit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they ſe Sir Patrick Spence
Cum ſailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies ſtand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll ſe thame na mair.

Have owre, have owr to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

The Reader has here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer, was loss of eyes and castration: a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti, which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none ever was more famous than the hero of this ballad: the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"*In this time* [*about the year* 1190, *in the reign of Ri-*
"*chard I.*] *were many robbers, and outlawes, among the*

"which Robert Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, "continued in woods, diſpoyling and robbing the goods of "the rich. They killed none but ſuch as would invade "them, or by reſiſtance for their own defence.

"The ſaide Robert intertained an hundred tall men and "good archers with ſuch ſpoiles and thefts as he got, upon "whom four hundred (were they never ſo ſtrong) durſt not "give the onſet. He ſuffered no woman to be oppreſſed, vio- "lated, or otherwiſe moleſted: poore mens goods he ſpared, "aboundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he "got from abbeys and the houſes of rich carles: whom "Maior (the hiſtorian) blameth for his rapine and theft, "but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the "moſt gentle theefe." *Annals*, p. 159.

The perſonal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his ſkill in archery, his humanity, and eſpecially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable ſongs and ſtories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impoſſible, but our hero, to gain the more reſpect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profeſſion, may have given riſe to ſuch a report themſelves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which a late antiquary pretends was formerly legible on his tombſtone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkſhire, where he is ſaid to have been bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

Hear underneath dis laitl ſtean
lais robert earl of Huntingtun
nea archir ver az hie ſae geud
an pipl kauld im rabin heud
ſick utlawz as hi an iz men
vil England nibir ſi agen.
obiit 24 kal. dekembris 1247.

See Thoreſby's Ducat. Leod. p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI. 3933.

It

It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems on Robin Hood, there is no mention or hint of this imaginary earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge† in eight* FYTTES *or parts, printed in black letter quarto, thus inscribed* "¶ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and "his mayne and of the proude sheryfe of Nottyngham." *The first lines are,*

"*Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,*
"*That be of fre bore blode:*
"*I shall you tell of a good* YEMAN,
"*His name was Robin hode.*

"*Robyn was a proude out lawe,*
"*Whiles he walked on grounde;*
"*So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,*
"*Was never none yfounde.*" &c.

The printer's colophon is "¶ *Explicit Kinge Edwarde* "*and Robyn hode and lytell Johan. Enprented at London in* "*Fletestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkyn de Worde.*" —— *In Mr. Garrick's Collection‡ is a different edition of the same poem* "¶ *Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane* "*wharfe by Wylliam Copland,*" *containing a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy called* "A newe play for to be played in "Maye games very pleasaunte and full of pastyme. ¶ (...)."

* *See also the following ballad, v.* 147. † *Num. D.* 5. 2.
‡ *Old Plays* 4*to. K. vol.* 10.

WHAN

WHAN ſhales beene ſheene, and ſhraddes full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forreſt
To heare the ſmall birdes ſonge.

The woodweete ſang, and wold not ceaſe,
Sitting upon the ſpraye,
Soe lowde he wakend Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, ſaid jollye Robin,
A ſweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That faſt with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are ſwift, ſayd lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never ſo loude this night,
To morrow it may be ſtill.

Buſke yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John ſhall goe with mee,
For Ile goe ſeeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they caſt on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes ech one;
And they away to the greene forrèſt
A ſhooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdeſt to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,
That leaned agaynſt a tree.

A ſword and a dagger he wore by his ſide,
Of manye a man the bane,
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand ſtill, maſter, quoth litle John,
Under this tree ſo grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou ſetteſt noe ſtore,
And that I farley finde:
How often ſend I my men before,
And tarry my ſelfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him ſpeake;
And it were not for burſting òf my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barneſdale:
The gates † he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barneſdale,
Great heavineſſe there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellòwes
Were ſlaine both in a ſlade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Faſt over ſtocke and ſtone,
For the proud ſheriffe with ſeven ſcore men
Faſt after him is gone.

One ſhoote now I will ſhoote, quoth John,
With Chriſt his might and mayne;
Ile make yond ſheriffe that wends ſoe faſt,
To ſtopp he ſhall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to ſhoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou ſhold bee.

His

† *i. e. paſſes, paths, ridings.*

His ſhoote it was but looſely ſhott,
  Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the ſherriffes men,
  And William a Trent was ſlaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
  To have bene abed with ſorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood ſlade
  To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is ſaid, when men be mett
  Fyve can doe more than three,
The ſheriffe hath taken little John,
  And bound him faſt to a tree.

Thou ſhalt be drawen by dale and downe,
  And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayſt fayle of thy purpoſe, quoth John,
  If it be Chriſt his will.

Lett us leave talking of little John,
  And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
  Where under the leaves he ſtood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, ſayd Robin ſo fayre,
  "Good morrowe, good fellow quo' hee:"
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
  A good archere thou ſholdſt bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, ſayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I ſeeke an outlàwe, the ſtraunger ſayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound ſoe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou ſoone ſhalt ſee:
But firſt let us ſome paſtime find
Under the greenwood tree.

Firſt let us ſome maſterye make
Among the woods ſo even,
We may chance to meete with Robin Hood
Here at ſome unſett ſteven.

They cutt them down two ſummer ſhroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And ſett them threeſcore rood in twaine
To ſhoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee ſayd,
My leader thou ſhalt bee.

The firſt time Robin ſhot at the pricke,
He miſt but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do ſoe.

The ſecond ſhoote had the wightye yeman,
He ſhot within the garlànd:
But Robin he ſhott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A bleſſing upon thy heart, he ſayd;
Good fellowe, thy ſhooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, ſayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robìn,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime ſworne,
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Giſbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, ſayes Robin,
By thee I ſet right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèſdale,
Whom thou ſo long haſt ſought.

He

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,
Might have ſeen a full fayre ſight,
To ſee how together theſe yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To ſee how theſe yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a ſummers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor ſir Guy
Them ſettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And ſtumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him upon the ſyde.

Ah deere Ladye, ſayd Robin Hoode tho,
That art but mother and may',
I think it was never mans deſtinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And ſoone leapt up againe,
And ſtrait he came with a 'backward' ſtroke,
And he ſir Guy hath ſlayne.

He tooke ſir Guys head by the hayre,
And ſtucke it upon his bowes end:
Thou haſt beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing muſt have an end.

Ver. 163. awkwarde. *MS.*

Robin pulled forth an Iriſh knife,
And nicked ſir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold know whoſe head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now ſir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worſt ſtrokes at my hand,
Thou ſhalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèſdale,
To ſee how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood ſett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt in it did blow.
That beheard the ſheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, ſayd the ſheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blow,
And he hath ſlaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes ſoe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good ſir Guy,
Aſke what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, ſayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have ſlaine the maſter, he ſayes,
Let me goe ſtrike the knave,
For this is all the meede I aſke,
None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, ſayd the ſheriffe,
Thou ſholdſt have had a knightes fee:
But ſeeing thy aſking hath beene ſoe bad,
Well granted it ſhal bee.

When Little John heard his maſter ſpeake,
Well knewe he it was his ſteven:
Now ſhall I be looſet, quoth Little John,
With Chriſt his might in heaven.

Faſt Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to looſe him blive;
The ſheriffe and all his companye
Faſt after him can drive.

Stand abacke, ſtand abacke, ſayd Robin;
Why draw you mee ſo neere?
Itt was never the uſe in our countryè,
Ones ſhrift another ſhold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Iryſh knife,
And loſed John hand and foote,
And gave him ſir Guyes bowe into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he tooke Guyes bowe in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the ſheriffe ſaw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his houſe in Nottingham towne,
He fled full faſt away;
And ſoe did all the companye;
Not one behind wold ſtay.

But he cold neither runne ſoe faſt,
Nor away ſoe faſt cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe ſoe broad,
He ſhott him into the 'backe'-ſyde.

*** *The Title of* SIR *was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Prieſts, and ſometimes to very inferior perſonages.*

IX.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The Reader has here a ſpecimen of the deſcriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, *a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in* 1505.) *intitled, "The "Hiſt. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the "Palace of Pleaſure, &c."* 4to. 1555. *See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v.* 1. *p.* 6. *and Warton's Obſerv. v.* 2. *p.* 105.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. "How "Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with "Governaunce and Grace, and how he went to the Tower "of Doctrine."—As we are able to give no ſmall lyric piece of Hawes's, the Reader will excuſe the inſertion of this extract.

I Loked about and ſawe a craggy roche,
Farre in the weſt neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I ſawe refulgent
The royall tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,
Made of fine copper with turrets faire and hye,
Which againſt Phebus ſhone ſo marveylouſly,

That for the very perfect brighteneſs
What of the tower, and of the cleare ſunne,
I could nothyng behold the goodlineſs
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne;
Till at the laſt, with myſtie wyndes donne,
The radiant brightneſs of golden Phebus
Auſter gan cover with clowde tenebrous.

Then to the tower I drew nere and nere,
  And often muſed of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy roche, which quadrant did appere:
  But the fayre tower, (ſo much of ryches
  Was all about,) ſexangled doubteleſs;
Gargeyld with grayhounds, and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde, with divers ſundry dragons.

The little turrett with ymages of golde
  About was ſet, which with the wynde aye moved
With proper vices, that I did well beholde
  About the towre: in ſundry wyſe they hoved
  With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,
That with the winde they pyped a daunce
Iclipped *Amour de la hault pleſaunce.*

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,
  To which ther was no way to paſſe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres:
  A grece ther was ychyſeled all of ſtone
  Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone
Up to the toure, and in lykewyſe did I
Wyth both the Grayhoundes in my company †:

Till that I came unto a ryall gate,
  Wher I ſawe ſtondynge the goodly Portres,
Whych exed me from whence I came alate;
  To whom I gan in every thinge expreſſe
  All myne adventure, chaunce, and buſineſſe,
And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:
When ſhe hard this ſhe lyked me full well.

Her

† *This alludes to a former part of the Poem.*

Her name, ſhe ſayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE;
Into the baſe courte ſhe dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depured of pleaſaunce,
A noble ſprynge, a riall conduyte hede,
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and ſtoute
The dulcet water in four parts dyd ſpoute.

Of whyche ther flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,
Sweter than Nylus† or Ganges was ther odoure;
Tygres or Eufrates unto them no pere:
I did than taſte th' aromatyke licoure
Fragrant of fume, and ſwete as any floure,
And in my mouthe it had a marveylous ſcent
Of divers ſpyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodlye Hall,
Of jaſper ſtones it was wonderly wrought:
The wyndowes clere depured all of cryſtall,
And in the roufe on hie over all
Of gold was made a ryght crafty vyne,
Inſtede of grapes the rubies there did ſhyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillars made of ſtones pretious,
Like a place of pleaſure ſo gayely glorified,
It might be called a palace glorious,
So much delectable and ſolacious:
The hall was hanged hye and circuler
With clothe of arras in the richeſt manner.

† *Nyſus. PC.*

That treated well of a ful noble ſtory,
Of the doutye waye to the Tower Perillous ; †
Howe a noble knyghte ſhould winne the victory
Of many a ſerpent foule and odious.

* * * * * * *

† *The Story of the Poem.*

X.

THE CHILD OF ELLE,

—— *is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS : which tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have ſo much merit, that it excited a ſtrong deſire to attempt a completion of the ſtory. The Reader will eaſily diſcover the ſupplemental ſtanzas by their inferiority, and at the ſame time be inclined to pardon it, when he conſiders how difficult it muſt be to imitate the affecting ſimplicity and artleſs beauties of the original.*

CHILD *was a title ſometimes given to a knight. See Gloſs.*

ON yonder hill a caſtle ſtandes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And ſtood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo ! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he ſtoode not ſtille,
And ſoone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Chriſte thee ſave, thou little foot-page,
Now Chriſte thee ſave and ſee!
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady ſhee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye ſhee laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her houſe and thine.

And here ſhee ſends thee a ſilken ſcarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee ſometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee ſo deare.

And here ſhee ſends thee a ring of golde
The laſt boone thou mayſt have,
And biddes thee weare it for her ſake,
Whan ſhe is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave ſoone muſt ſhee bee,
Sith her father hath choſe her a new new love,
And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

Her fathir hath brought her a carliſh knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes ſhee muſt him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her ſlaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or ſette her free.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither ſtint ne ſtayd
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he ſayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or ſette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were faſt aſleepe,
All ſave the ladye Emmeline,
Who ſate in her bowre to weepe:

And

And ſoone ſhee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whiſpering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not bee;
For aye ſhould I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I ſhould wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte ſo true
Mayſt ſafelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage ſhall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he ſaye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight ſhould fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would reſt,
Nor his meate ſhould doe him no goode,
Till he had ſlayne thee, Child of Elle,
And ſeene thy deare hearts bloode."

O ladye,

O ladye, wert thou in thy ſaddle ſette,
And a little ſpace him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worſt that he could doe.

O ladye wert thou in thy ſaddle ſette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worſt that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline ſighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he ſeizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder hee drewe:

And thrice he claſpde her to his breſte,
And kiſt her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himſelfe on his ſteede ſo talle,
And her on a faire palfràye,
And ſlung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damſèlie,
In her bed whereas ſhee ley,
Quoth ſhee, My lord ſhall knowe of this,
Soe I ſhall have golde and fee.

Awake,

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
  Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
  To doe the deede of ſhame.

The baron he woke, the baron he roſe,
  And callde his merrye men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
  Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline ſcant had ridden a mile,
  A mile forth of the towne,
When ſhe was aware of her fathers men
  Come galloping over the downe:

And foremoſt came the carliſh knight,
  Sir John of the north countràye:
"Nowe ſtop, nowe ſtop, thou falſe traitòure,
  Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For ſhe is come of hye lynàge,
  And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beſeems thee a falſe churles ſonne
  To carrye her hence to ſcorne."

Nowe loud thou lyeſt, Sir John the knight,
  Nowe thou doeſt lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
  Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my ſteed,
While I and this diſcourteous knighte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horſe;
While I and this diſcourteous knight
Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline ſighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love, and the carliſh knight
Paſt many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought ſoe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That ſoone he had ſlaine the carliſh knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full faſt approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
And ſoone he ſaw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold barón,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthleſs rend two gentle hearts,
Faſt knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day,
But with ſuch love as holy kirke
Hath freelye ſayd wee may.

O give conſent, ſhee may be mine,
And bleſſe a faithfulle paire:
My lands and livings are not ſmall,
My houſe and lynage faire:

My mother ſhe was an erles daughtèr,
A noble knyght my ſire——
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline ſighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge ſtand:
At lengthe ſhe ſprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Truſt me, but for the carliſh knyght,
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harſh reſolves
Your Emmeline deſtroye.

The baron he ſtroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turnde his heade aſyde
To whipe awaye the ſtarting teare,
He proudly ſtrave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he ſtoode,
And muſde a little ſpace;
Then raiſde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, child of Elle, he ſayd,
And gave her lillye hand,
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondneſſe for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven proſper thee and thine:
And nowe my bleſſing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

* * *

XI.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A Scottish Ballad,

——was printed at Glaſgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 *pages.——We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in theſe volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple Bart. who gave it as it was preſerved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.*

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with ſeveral fine ſtanzas, recovered from a fragment of the ſame ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intituled Captain Adam Carre, *and is in the Engliſh idiom. But whether the author was Engliſh or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The Engliſh Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottiſh are of the South of Scotland, and of conſequence the country of Ballad-ſingers was ſometimes ſubject to one crown, and ſometimes to the other, and moſt frequently to neither. Moſt of the fineſt old Scotch ſongs have the ſcene laid within* 20 *miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The paſtoral ſcenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the caſtles, where the more daring and ſucceſsful robbers reſided. The Caſtle of the Rhodes is fixed by tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunſe in Berwickſhire. The Gordons were anciently ſeated in the ſame county. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to diſcover. It contains however but too juſt a picture of the violences practiſed in the feudal times all over Europe.*

From the different titles of this ballad, it ſhould ſeem that the old ſtrolling bards or minſtrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting theſe poems) made no ſcruple of changing the names of the perſonages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For inſtance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obſequious minſtrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whoſe clan or ſept lay further weſt, and vice verſâ. In another volume the reader will find a ſimilar inſtance. See the ſong of GIL MORRIS, *the hero of which had different names given him, probably from the ſame cauſe.*

It may be proper to mention, that in the Engliſh copy, inſtead of the "Caſtle of the Rhodes," it is the "Caſtle of Bittons-borrow" (or "Diactours-borrow," for it is very obſcurely written) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Weſterton-town." Uniformity required that the additional ſtanzas ſupplied from that copy ſhould be clothed in the Scottiſh orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew ſchril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld ſall we draw to,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the houſe o' the Rhodes,
To ſee that fair ladie.

The lady ſtude on hir caſtle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down:
There ſhe was ware of a hoſt of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O ſee

O ſee ze nat, my mirry men a' ?
O ſee ze nat quhat I ſee ?
Methinks I ſee a hoſt of men :
I merveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame ;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae ſin nor ſhame.

She had nae ſooner buſkit hirſel,
And putten on hir goun,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae ſooner ſupper ſett,
Nae ſooner ſaid the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa faſt as ſhe could drie,
To ſee if by hir fair ſpeechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he ſee this lady ſaif,
And hir yates all locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghaſt.

Cùm doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night ſall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride ſall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,
I winnae cum down to thee;
I winnae forſake my ain dear lord,
That is ſae far frae me.

Give owre zour houſe, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour houſe to me,
Or I ſall brenn yourſel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze falſe Gordòn,
To nae ſik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord ſall make ze drie.

But reach my piſtol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun:
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She ſtude upon hir caſtle wa,
And let twa bullets flee:
She miſt that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the houſe, quo' fals Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze ſall rue this deid,
As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa ſtane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa ſtane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

O than beſpaik hir little ſon,
Sate on the nourice' knee:
Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this houſe,
For the reek it ſmithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blaſt o' the weſtlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then beſpaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and ſma:
O row me in a pair o' ſheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' ſheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordons ſpear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his ſpear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He ſayd, Ze are the firſt that eir
I wiſht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir ſkin was whyte!
I might ha ſpared that bonnie face
To hae been ſum mans delyte.

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. *a Scottiſh idiom to expreſs great admiration.*

Buſk

Buſk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do gueſs;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the graſs.

Thame, luiks to freits, my maſter deir,
Then freits wil follow thame:
Let it neir be ſaid brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye ſee the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kiſt hir children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And ſaid, Awa', awa';
This houſe o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then beſpyed hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owre the lee;
He ſied his caſtle all in blaze
Sa far as he could ſee.

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. *i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.*

Then

Then fair, O fair his mind miſgave,
And all his hart was wae:
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa faſt as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So faſt as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmoſt of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than ſum they rade, and ſum they rin,
Fou faſt out-owre the bent;
But eir the foremoſt could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid:
O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze ſall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa faſt as he micht drie;
And ſoon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

XII.

AN ELEGY ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

As it was propoſed to give ſpecimens of the compoſition of moſt of our ancient poets, the reader has here an ELEGY *of* SKELTON'S: *yet as this is ſome little deviation from our plan, we chuſe to throw it to the end of the* FIRST BOOK, *though evidently written before ſome of the preceding.*

The ſubject of this poem is the death of HENRY PERCY, *fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In* 1489 *the parliament had granted the king a ſubſidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found ſo heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkſhire, wrote to inform the king of the diſcontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is ſo unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny ſhould be abated. This meſſage being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace roſe, and ſuppoſing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his houſe and murdered him with ſeveral of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occaſion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's ſeat at Cocklodge, near Thirſke, in Yorkſhire, April* 28. 1489. *See Lord Bacon, &c.*

If

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's beſt) he will ſee a ſtriking picture of the ſtate and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is deſcribed here as having among his menial ſervants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, *and even* BARONS: *ſee v.* 32. 183. *&c. Which however different from modern manners, was not unuſual with our greater barons, whoſe caſtles had all the ſplendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws againſt Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.*

JOHN SKELTON, *who commonly ſtyled himſelf Poet Laureat, died June* 21. 1529. *The following poem, which appears to have been written ſoon after the event, is printed from an ancient edition of his poems in bl. let.* 12mo. 1568.— *It is addreſſed to Henry fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:*

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum ſuum metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque ſuo patri triſtia juſta * * *
Aſt ubi perlegit, dubiam ſub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo ſit felix, & Neſtoris occùpet annos,
Ad libitum cujus ipſe paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOURS DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I ſobbe, I ſigh ful ſore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle deſteny
Of hym that is gone, alas! without reſtore,

Of

Of the bloud † royall deſcending nobelly ;
Whoſe lordſhyp doutles, was ſlayne lamentably
Thorow treſon again him compaſſed and wrought ;
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
In the colege of muſis goddeſs hyſtoriall,
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt I lame
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall :
To the for ſouccour, to the for helpe I call
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
With the freſhe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde,
Of famous pryncis and lordes of aſtate,
By thy report ar wont to be extold,
Regeſtringe trewly every formaré date ;
Of thy bountie after the uſuall rate,
Kyndell in me ſuche plenty of thy noblès,
Theſe ſorowfulle ditès that I may ſhew expres.

In ſeſons paſt who hath herde or ſene
Of formar writyng by any preſidente
That vilane haſtarddis in their furious tene,
Fulfylled with malice of froward entente,
Confetered togeder of common concente
Falſly to ſlee theyr moſt ſinguler good lord ?
It may be regiſtrede of ſhamefull recorde.

† *Henry, firſt E. of Northumberland, was begotten of Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaſter, ſecond ſon of K. Henry III.— He was alſo lineally deſcended from Godfrey Duke of Brabant, ſon of the Emperour Charlemagne, by Gerberga niece to Lothar K. of France. See Cambden Brit.*

So

So noble a man, ſo valiaunt lord and knyght,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth ken;
At his commaundement, which had both day and nyght
Knyghtes and ſquyers, at every ſeaſon when
He calde upon them, as meniall houſhold men:
Were not theſe commons uncurteis karlis of kind
To ſlo their own lord? God was not in their mynd.

And were not they to blame, I ſay alſo,
That were aboute him his owne ſervants of truſt,
To ſuffre him ſlayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the duſt:
They bode not till the rekening were diſcuſt.
What ſhuld I flatter? what ſhuld I gloſe or paint?
Fy, fy for ſhame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland ſtode in drede;
To whom great eſtates obeyed and lowted;
Amayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede:
Unkindly they ſlew him, that holp them oft at nede:
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet ſhamfully they ſlew hym; that ſhame mot them befal.

I ſay, ye comoners, why wer ye ſo ſtark mad?
What frantyk frenſy fyll in your brayne?
Where was your wit and reſon, ye ſhould have had?
What wilful foly made yow to ryſe agayne
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;
Well may you be called comones moſt unkynd.

He

He was your chefteyne, your ſhelde, your chef defence,
Redy to aſſiſt you in every time of nede:
Your worſhyp depended of his excellence:
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede:
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your ſpede:
What moved you againe him to war or to fyght?
What aylde you to ſle your lord agayn all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his ſoverain lord,
The well concerning of all the hole lande,
Demandyng ſuche duties as nedes moſt acord
To the right of his prince which ſhold not be withſtand;
For whoſe cauſe ye ſlew him with your owne hand:
But had his noble men done wel that day
Ye had not been able to have ſayd hym nay.

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde;
How be it the mater was evydent and playne,
For if they had occupied their ſpere and their ſhilde,
This noble man doutles had not bene ſlayne.
But men ſay they wer lynked with a double chaine,
And held with the comones under a cloke,
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this ſmoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay
Of them demaunded and aſked by the kynge;
With one voice importune, they plainly ſayd nay:
They buſkt them on a buſhment themſelfe in baile to bring:
Agayne the kyngs pleſure to wreſtle or to wring,
Bluntly as beſtis with boſte and with crye
They ſayd, they forſed not, nor carede not to dy.

The

The nobelnes of the north this valiant lord and knight,
As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,
Preſed forth boldly to withſtand the myght,
And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them agayne,
Vygorouſly upon them with might and with maine,
Truſtyng in noble men that were with him there:
But al they fled from hym for falſhode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, ſquiers and all,
Together with ſervauntes of his famuly,
Turned their backe, and let their maſter fal,
Of whome they counted not a flye;
Take up whoſe wold for them, they let him ly.
Alas! his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon ſuche a ſort was ille beſtowd and ſpent.

He was environd aboute on every ſyde
With his enemyes, that were ſtarke mad and wode;
Yet while he ſtode he gave them woundes wyde:
Alas for ruth! what thoughe his mynd were gode,
His corage manly, yet ther he ſhed his blode!
Al left alone, alas! he foughte in vayne;
For cruelly among them ther he was ſlayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was ſpylt
The famous erle of Northumberland:
Of knyghtly prowès the ſword pomel and hylt,
The myghty lyon doutted by ſe and lande!
O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande!
What man remembryng howe ſhamfully he was ſlaine,
From bitter weping himſelf can reſtrain?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous tewiſday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou ſhoke thy ſworde ſo noble a man to mar!
O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the ſame!
Moſt noble erle! O foule myſuryd ground
Where on he gat his finall dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall ſyſters thre
Goddes moſt cruel unto the lyfe of man,
All merciles in the is no pitè!
O homicide, which ſleeſt all that thou can,
So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
That with thy ſword enharpit of mortall drede,
Thou kit aſonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordes unpullyſht be nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge.
Which whils he lyved had fuyſon of every thing,
Of knights, of ſquyers, chyf lord of toure and towne
Tyl fykkell fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
Surmountinge in honor all erles he did excede,
To all countries aboute hym reporte me I dare.
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,
Valiant as Hector in every marciall nede,
Prudent, diſcrete, circumſpect and wyſe,
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes duble dyſe.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankered all with ruſt?
Whoſe noble actes ſhow worſhiply his name,
Tranſendyng 'far' myne homely muſe, that muſte
Yet ſomewhat wright ſuppriſed with herty luſt,
Truly reportyng his right noble eſtate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never deſtayned was,
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,
Dobleneſs hatyng, fals maters to compas,
Treytory and treſon he banyſht out of ſyght,
With truth to medle was al his holl delyght,
As all his countrey can teſtyfy the ſame:
To ſle ſuche a lorde, alas, it was great ſhame.

If the hole quere of the muſis nyne
In me all onely wer ſet and compryſed,
Enbrethed with the blaſt of influence devyne,
As perfytly as could be thought or deviſed;
To me alſo all though it were promiſed
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,
Grow and encreaſe, remembre thyn eſtate,
God the aſſyſt unto thyn herytage,
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
Agayn rebellyones arme to make debate,
And, as the lyone, whiche is of beſtes kynge,
Unto thy ſubjectes be curteis and benynge.

I pray God ſende the proſperous lyfe and long,
Stable thy mynde conſtant to be and faſt,
Ryght to mayntayn, and to reſyſt all wronge,
All flatteryng faytors abhor and from the caſt,
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blaſt,
Let double delyng in the have no place,
And be not lyght of credence in no caſe.

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may ſorow in his inward thought,
This lords death, whoſe pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englond and Fraunce were thorow ſaught.
Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought
Both temporall and ſpiritual for to complayne
This noble man, that crewelly was ſlayne.

More ſpecially barons, and thoſe knygtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with him enterteyned
In fee, as menyall men of his houſold,
Whom he as lord worſhyply mainteyned:
To ſorowful weping they ought to be conſtreined,
As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perleſe prince of heven emperyall,
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call;
Which to thy reſemblance wonderſly haſt wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere haſt bought,
With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay
And us redemed, from the fendys pray:

To the pray we, as prince incomparable,
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
The ſoull of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
Mayden moſt pure, and goddes moder dere,
To ſorowful hartes chef comfort and ſolace,
Of all women O flowre without pere,
Pray to thy ſon above the ſterris clere,
He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion
To pardon thy ſervant, and bringe to ſalvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole ſorte of that glorious place,
His ſoull mot receyve into theyr company
Thorow bounty of hym that formed all ſolace:
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The father, the ſonn, and the holy ghoſt
In Trinitate one God of myghts moſte.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE FIRST. BOOK II.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to pre-

ſerve as many of theſe as could be recovered, and that they might be the more eaſily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This SECOND BOOK *is therefore ſet apart for the reception of ſuch ballads as are quoted by* SHAKESPEARE, *or contribute in any degree to illuſtrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admiſſion of ſome pieces, that have no other kind of merit.*

The deſign of this BOOK *being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few obſervations* ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, *and* ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: *a ſubject, which though not unſucceſsfully handled by ſeveral good writers already *, will yet perhaps admit of ſome farther illuſtration.*

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, &c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and moſt other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at leaſt its revival, to thoſe religious ſhows, which in the dark ages were uſually exhibited on the more ſolemn feſtivals. At thoſe times they were wont to repreſent in the churches the lives and miracles of the ſaints, or ſome of the more important ſtories of ſcripture. And as the moſt myſterious ſubjects were frequently choſen, ſuch as the Incarnation, Paſſion, and Reſurrection of Chriſt, &c. theſe exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. *At firſt they were probably a kind of dumb ſhews, intermingled, it may be, with a few ſhort ſpeeches; at length they grew into a regular ſeries of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and ſcenes. Specimens of theſe in their moſt improved ſtate (being at beſt but poor artleſs compoſitions) may*

* *Bp. Warburton's Shakeſp. vol. 5. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodſley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe.*

may be seen among Dodsley's OLD PLAYS *and in Osborne's* HARLEYAN MISCEL. *How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel (often quoted by our old dramatic poets *) intitled* . . . . **a merpe Jest of a man that was called Howleglas** †, *&c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named* Ulenspiegle. *Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clark. This priest is described as keeping a* LEMAN *or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds,* . . . . "*And than in* "*the meane season, while Howleglas was paryshe clarke, at* "*Easter they should play the resurrection of our lorde: and* "*for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not* "*read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the grave for* "*an Aungell: and this seing Howleglas, toke to hym iij of* "*the symplest persons that were in the towne, that played* "*the iij Maries; and the Person* [*i. e. Parson or Rector*] "*played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide* "*Howleglas to the symple persons, Whan the Aungel asketh* "*you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman* "*with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was come* "*that they must playe, and the Angel asked them whom they* "*sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and* "*lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the* "*priests leman with one iye. And than the priest might* "*heare that he was mocked And whan the priestes leman* "*herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have* "*smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed* "*him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of*

* *See Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act.* 3. *sc.* 4. *and his Masque of the Fortunate Isles.*

† *Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in* M.CCCC.L. *At the end of the book, in* M.CCC.L.

" *the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than* " *toke she him by the heare* [*hair*]; *and that seing his wyfe,* " *came running hastely to smite the prieſtes leaman; and than* " *the prieſt, seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to* " *helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore* " *strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And than* " *Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by the eares in the* " *bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and* " *came no more there* †."

As the old Myſteries frequently required the repreſentation of ſome allegorical perſonage, ſuch as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of thoſe unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces conſiſting intirely of ſuch perſonifications. Theſe they intitled MORAL PLAYS, *or* MORALITIES. *The Myſteries were very inartificial, repreſenting the ſcripture ſtories ſimply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art; they contain ſomething of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly diſcover the ſeeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reaſon I ſhall give a ſhort analyſis of them both.*

One of them is intitled Every Man *. The ſubject of this piece is the ſummoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-ſpent life and the comforts of religion. This ſubject and moral are opened in a monologue ſpoken by the* MESSENGER *(for that was the name generally given by our anceſtors to the prologue on their rude ſtage:) then* GOD ‡ *is repreſented, who after ſome general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for* DETH

† C. Imprynted . . . by Wyllyam Copland: *without date, in* 4to. *bl. Let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays. K. vol.* 10.

* *See a farther account of this play in Vol.* 2. *p.* 104. 105. *where inſtead of* " *Wynkyn de Worde*" *read Rycharde Pynſon.*"

‡ *The ſecond perſon of the Trinity ſeems to be meant.*

DETH *and orders him to bring before his tribunal* EVERY-MAN, *for ſo is called the perſonage who repreſents the human race.* EVERY-MAN *appears, and receives the ſummons with all the marks of confuſion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this diſtreſs to* FELLOWSHIP, KINDRED, GOODS *or Riches, but they ſucceſſively renounce and forſake him. In this diſconſolate ſtate he betakes himſelf to* GOOD-DEDES, *who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her* †, *introduces him to her ſiſter* KNOWLEDGE, *and ſhe leads him to the "holy man* CONFESSION" *who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himſelf on the ſtage, and then withdraws to receive the ſacraments of the prieſt. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after* STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION *and* FIVE WITS * *have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the ſtage; Good-dedes ſtill accompanying him to the laſt. Then an* AUNGELL *deſcends to ſing his* requiem: *and the epilogue is ſpoken by a perſon, called* DOCTOUR, *who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral,*

"℣. *This memoriall men may have in mynde,*
"*Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,*
"*And forſake pryde, for he diſceyveth you in thende,*
"*And remembre Beautè, Five Wits, Strength and Diſcrecion,*
"*They all at laſt do Every-man forſake,*
"*Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take:*
"*But beware, for and they be ſmall,*
"*Before God he hath no helpe at all.*" &c.

From this ſhort analyſis it may be obſerved that **Every Man** *is a grave ſolemn piece, not without ſome rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the claſs of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old*

† *Thoſe above-mentioned are male characters.*

* *i. e. the five Senſes. Theſe are frequently exhibited upon the Spaniſh ſtage: (ſee Riccoboni p. 93.) but our moraliſt has repreſented them all by one perſonage.*

old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. EVERY MAN *the hero of the piece after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence* KNOWLEDGE *discants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed except in the circumstance of Every-man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agon. of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.*

The other play is intitled Hick-Scorner * *and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by* PITY *represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joyned by* CONTEMPLACYON *and* PERSEVERANCE *two holy men, who after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by* FREWYLL, *representing a lewd debauchee, who with his dissolute companion* IMAGINACION, *relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by* HICK-SCORNER, *who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and* PITY *endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then discants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone Frewill appears again: and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men,*

* Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, *no date; in 4to, bl. Let.*

men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine-companion Imagination from their vicious courſe of life: and then the play ends with a few verſes from Perſeverance by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I have ſeen conclude with a ſolemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of looſe ſtanza, intermixed with diſtichs.

It would be needleſs to point out the abſurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is ſufficient to obſerve, that, bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic caſt, and contains a humorous diſplay of ſome of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been ſo little attentive to the allegory, that we need only ſubſtitute other names to his perſonages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We ſee then that the writers of theſe Moralities were upon the very threſhold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form ſoon after took place, eſpecially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

At what period of time the Myſteries and Moralities had their riſe it is difficult to diſcover. Holy plays repreſenting the miracles and ſufferings of the ſaints appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter ſort of Interludes were not then unknown. In Chaucer's Time "Plays "of*

* *See Fitz-ſtephens's deſcription of London, preſerved by Stow,* Londonia pro ſpectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis ſcenicis, ludos habet ſanctiores, repreſentationes miraculorum, &c. *He is thought to have written in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned* Henricum regem tertium; *but as it comes in between the names of the Empreſs Maud and Thomas Becket, it is probably a miſtake of ſome tranſcriber for* Henricum regem ij. *as it might be written in MS. From a paſſage in his Chap.* De Religione, *it ſhould ſeem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was juſt then a new acquiſition to the Church of Canterbury.*

" *of Miracles*" *were the common reſort of idle goſſips* ‡. *Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIth's reign Moralities were ſo common, that John Raſtel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a deſign of making them the vehicle of ſcience and natural philoſophy. With this view he publiſhed* "C. A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elements declarynge many proper poynts of philoſophy naturall, and of dyvers ſtraunge landys, * *&c. It is obſervable that the poet ſpeaks of the diſcovery of America as then recent;*

—— " *Within this xx yere*
" *Weſtwarde be founde new landes*
" *That we never harde tell of before this,*" *&c.*

The Weſt Indies were diſcovered by Columbus in 1492, *which fixes the writing of this play to about* 1510 *The play of* Wick-Scorner *was probably ſomewhat more ancient, as he ſtill more imperfectly alludes to the American diſcoveries, under the name of* " *the Newe founde Ilonde,*" *ſign. A. vij.*

It appears from the prologue of the play of The Four Elements, that Interludes were then very common: The profeſſion of PLAYER *was no leſs common; for in an old ſatire intitled* Cocke Lorelles Bote † *the author enumerates all the moſt common*

‡ *See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v.* 558. *Urry's Ed.*

* *Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, Old Plays* i. *vol.* 3. *The Dramatis Perſonæ are,* " C. *The Meſſengere* [*or Prologue*] " *Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studyous Deſire. Senſuall Appe-* " *tyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnoraunce. (Alſo yf ye* " *lyſte ye may brynge in a dyſgyſynge.*)" *Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are* " C. *Of certeyn concluſions prouvynge yt the yerthe muſt nedes be* " *rounde, and that it hengyth in myddes of the fyrmament, &c.* " C. *Of certeyne points of coſmography . . . . and of dyvers ſtraunge* " *regyons, ... and of the new founde landys and the maner of the* " *people.*" *This part is extremely curious, as it ſhows what no-* " *tions were entertained of the new American diſcoveries.*

† *Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-ſt. by W. de Worde. no date. bl. L. 4to.*

common trades or callings, as "Carpenters, Coopers, Joyners, &c. and among others, PLAYERS, *tho' it muſt be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company,*

"PLAYERS, *purſe-cutters, money batterers,*
"*Golde-waſhers, tomblers, jogelers,*
"*Pardoners, &c.*" *Sign. B. vj.*

It is obſervable that in the old Moralities of Hick Scorner, Every-man, &c. there is no kind of ſtage direction for the exits and entrances of the perſonages, no diviſion of acts and ſcenes. But in the moral interlude of **Luſty Juventus** †, *written under Edw. VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin: at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and ſcenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of theſe is reprinted by Dodſley.*

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been publiſhed under the claſſical names of Comedy and Tragedy *, *but they appear not to have been intended for popular uſe: it was not till the religious ferments had ſubſided that the public had leiſure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Eliz. Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have perſevered, the firſt models were good.* **Gorboduc**, *a regular tragedy, was acted in* 1561. [*See Ames p.* 316.] *and Gaſcoigne, in* 1566, *exhibited* **Jocaſta**, *a tranſlation from Euripides, as alſo* **The Suppoſes**, *a regular comedy, from Arioſto: near thirty years before any of Shakeſpeare's were printed.*

The

† *Deſcribed in vol.* 2. *pag.* 104. *The Dramatis Perſonæ of this piece are,* **C.** *Meſſenger. Luſty Juventus. Good Counſaill. Knowledge. Sathan the devyll. Hypocriſie. Fellowſhip. Abominable-lyving,* [*an Harlot.*] *Gods-merciful promiſes.*"

* *Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Myſtery of* **Gods Promiſes**, *in* 1538. *In* 1540 *John Palſgrave, B. D. hadre-publiſhed a Latin comedy called* **Acolaſtus**, *with an Engliſh verſion. Holingſhed even tells us, that ſo early as* 1520, *the king had "a "goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich: but he does not ſay in what language. See vol.* 3. *p.* 850.

The people however ſtill retained a reliſh for their old Myſteries and Moralities ‡, *and the popular dramatic poets ſeem to have made them their models. The graver ſort of Moralities appear to have given birth to our modern* TRAGEDY; *as our* COMEDY *evidently took its riſe from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as moſt of theſe pieces contain an abſurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic* || *has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural* TRAGI-COMEDIES. *Even after the people had been accuſtomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities ſtill kept their ground: one of them intitulea* **The New Cuſtom** † *was printed ſo late as* 1573: *at length they aſſumed the name of* MASQUES ‡, *and with ſome claſſical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.*

As for the old Myſteries, which ceaſed to be acted after the reformation, they ſeem to have given riſe to a third ſpecies of ſtage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy or Comedy, were by our firſt dramatic writers conſidered as quite diſtinct from them both: theſe were Hiſtorical Plays, or HISTORIES, *a ſpecies of dramatic writing, which reſembled the old Myſteries in repreſenting a ſeries of hiſtorical events ſimply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. Theſe pieces ſeem to differ from Tragedy, juſt as much as Hiſtorical poems do from Epic: as the Pharſalia does from the Æneid. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was, that ſoon after the Myſteries ceaſed to be exhibited, there was publiſhed a large collection of poetical narratives, called* **The Mirrour for Magiſtrates** §, *wherein a great number of the moſt*

‡ *The general reception the old Moralities had upon the ſtage will account for the fondneſs of all our firſt poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.*

|| *Bp. Warburt. Shakeſp. V.* 5. † *In Dodſ. Old Plays, V.* 1.

‡ *In ſome of theſe appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben. Jonſon's maſque of* **Chriſtmas** 1616, *one of the perſonages is* MINCED PYE.

§ *The firſt part of which was printed in* 1559.

most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer || *has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historic Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.*

That our old writers considered Historical Plays as somewhat distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. "*Of late days, says Stow, in-*
"*stead of those stage-playes* * *have been used Comedies, Trage-*
"*dies, Enterludes, and* HISTORIES *both true and fained.*" *Survey of London* †. ——*Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to* **The Captain**, *say,*

"*This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,*
"*Nor* HISTORY."——

Polonius in **Hamlet** *commends the actors, as the best in the world* "*either for Tragedie, Comedie,* HISTORIE, *Pastorall,*" *&c. And Shakespeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in* 1623, *have not only intitled their book* "*Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies,* "HISTORIES, *and Tragedies:*" *but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three several heads: placing in the class of* HISTORIES, "*K. John, Richard II. Henry IV.* 2 *pts. Henry V. Henry VI.* 3 *pts. Richard III. and Henry VIII.*

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics: for if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance, then we ought not to try Shakespear's HISTORIES *by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.*

We

|| *Catal. of Royal and Noble authors, vol.* 1. *p.* 166, 7.
* *The Creation of the world, acted at Skinners-well, in* 1409.
† *See Mr. Warton's Observations, vol.* 2. *p.* 109.

We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it without remarking the great fondneſs of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments: not fewer than NINETEEN *play-houſes had been opened before the year* 1633, *when Prynne publiſhed his Hiſtriomaſtix*. From this writer we learn that "tobacco, wine, and beer†" were in thoſe days the uſual accomodations in the theatre, as now at Sadlers Wells. With regard to the ancient prices of admiſſion; That play-houſe called the* HOPE *had five different priced ſeats from ſix-pence to half-a-crown‡. Some Houſes had* PENNY *benches‖. The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the Prol. to Beaum. and Fletcher's Woman Hater: And ſeats of three-pence and a groat in the paſſage of Prynne laſt referred to. But the general price of what is now called the* PIT *ſeems to have been a ſhilling§. The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon, their plays being generally acted by day-light‡. All female parts were performed by men, no actreſs being ever ſeen on the public ſtage before the civil wars. And as for the play-houſe furniture and ornaments, "they had no other "ſcenes nor decorations of the ſtage, but only old tapeſtry, and "the ſtage ſtrewed with ruſhes, with habits accordingly§:" as we are aſſured in A ſhort Diſcourſe on the Engliſh Stage, ſubjoined to Flecknoe's* LOVE'S-KINGDOM, 1674. 12*mo.*

* *He ſpeaks in p.* 492, *of the play-houſes in Biſhopſgate-Street, and on Ludgate-Hill, which are not among the* SEVENTEEN *enumerated in Pref. to Dodſley's Old Plays.*

† *P.* 322. ‡ *Induct. to Jonſon's Bartholomew-Fair.*

‖ *So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Naſh, an old pamphlet-writer.*

§ *Shakeſp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover. The* PIT *probably had its name from one of the Play-houſes having been a Cock-pit.*

‡ *Biogr. Brit.* I. 117. *n.—Overbury's Charact. of an actor.—Even in the reign of Cha.* II. *plays began at* 3 *in the afternoon.*

§ *Puttenham tells us they uſed Vizards in his time, "partly to "ſupply the want of players, when there were moe parts then there "were perſons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble... "princes chambers with too many folkes." [Art of Eng. Poeſ.* 1589. *p.* 26.] *From the laſt clauſe, it ſhould ſeem that they were chiefly uſed in the* MASQUES *at Court.*

I. ADAM

I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY,

*—were three noted outlaws, whose ſkill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood, not far from Carliſle, (called in the ballad Engliſh-wood, which is probably the true etymology.) When they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "*THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE OF ROBIN HOOD,*" makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. This ſeems to prove that they were generally thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.*

*Our northern archers were not unknown to their ſouthern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakeſpeare, in his comedy of "*MUCH *adoe about nothing," Act* I. *makes Benedicke confirm his reſolves of not yielding to love, by this proteſtation, "If "I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat*, and ſhoot at me, and "he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder and called "*ADAM *:" meaning* ADAM BELL, *as Theobald rightly obſerves*

* *Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is ſtill a diverſion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a ſmall caſk or firkin, half filled with ſoot: and then a parcel of clowns on horſeback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to ſhew their dexterity in eſcaping before the contents fall upon them.*

*ſerves, who refers to one or two other paſſages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has alſo well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid" in Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. ſc. 1. ſhould be "*ADAM *Cupid," in alluſion to our archer. Ben Jonſon has mentioned* CLYM O' THE CLOUGH *in his Alchemiſt, Act 1. ſc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "*THE *long "vacation in London," deſcribes the Atorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finſbury fields,*

"*With loynes in canvas bow-caſe tyde;*
"*Where arrowes ſtick with mickle pride;*
"*. . . Like ghoſts of* ADAM BELL *and* CLYMME.
"*Sol ſets for fear they'l ſhoot at him.*"

Works, p. 291. *fol.* 1673.

The following ſtanzas will be judged from the ſtile, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient: they are given from an old black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Lothbury by Wyllyam Copland *(no date): corrected in ſome places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intitled* YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, *being a continuation of the preſent ſtory, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudeſly's ſon: but greatly inferior to this, both in merit and antiquity.*

PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in grene forèſt
Amonge the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt eaſt and weſt
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryſe the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche ſightes hath ofte bene ſene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeſly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyſon,
Theſe yemen everychone;
They ſwore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyſhe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lyſten, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were ſingele men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He ſayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare;

For to ſpeke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
By my trouth, ſayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counſell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,

Ver. 24. Caerlel. *in P. C. paſſim.*

If the juſtice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truſte not els, but that I am take,
Or elſe that I am ſlayne.

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne windòwe
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thyne own huſbànde
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Alas! then ſayde fayre Alyce,
And ſyghed wonderous ſore,
Thys place hath ben beſette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, ſayde Cloudeſlè,
I wold that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleaſed hym with that ſhe had,
Whome ſhe loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle beſyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
More than ſeven yere.

Up ſhe roſe, and forth ſhe goes,
Evel mote ſhe ſpede therefoore;
For ſhe had not ſet no fote on ground
In ſeven yere before.

She went unto the juſtice hall,
As faſt as ſhe could hye:
Thys nyght is come unto thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlyè.

Thereof the juſtice was full fayne,
And ſo was the ſhirife alſo:
Thou ſhalt not trauaill hether, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou ſhalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of ſcarlate, and of graine:
She toke the gyft, and home ſhe wente,
And couched her doune agayne.

They ryſed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haſte they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames houſe,
As faſt as they might gone.

There they beſette that good yemàn
About on every ſyde:
Wyllyam hearde great noyſe of folkes,
That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndòw,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the juſtice and ſhirife bothe
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treaſon, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, huſband, ſhe ſayd,
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

He toke hys ſweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys ſtrongeſt chamber,
Where he thought ſureſt to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:

He

Ver. 85. ſhop window. *P. C.*

He ſhal be deade that here commeth in
Thys dore, whyle I may ſtand.

Cloudeſle bente a wel-good bowe,
That was of truſty tre,
He ſmot the juſtiſe on the breſt,
That hys arowe breſt in three.

A curſe on his harte, ſaide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the Cloudeſlè, ſayd the juſtiſe,
Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,
That my huſband councelléth ſo.

Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he ſaide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the houſe in many a place,
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! than cryed fayre Alice,
I ſe we here ſhall dy.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth ſhetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treaſure, ſayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Chriſtès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam ſhot ſo wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre ſo faſt upon hym fell,
That hys bowſtryng brent in two.

The ſparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè:
Than was he a wofull man, and ſayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, ſayde Wyllyam,
With my ſworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys ſweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were moſt in prece,
He ſmot downe many a man.

There

There myght no man abyde hys ſtroke,
So ferſly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
And ſo toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon caſt:
Now Cloudeſle, ſayd the hye juſtice,
Thou ſhalt be hanged in haſt.

A payre of new gallòwes, ſayd the ſherife,
Now ſhal I for the make,
And the gates of Carleil ſhal be ſhutte:
No man ſhal come in therat.

Then ſhall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet ſhal Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thouſand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the juſtice uproſe,
To the gates faſt gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be ſhut full cloſe
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As faſt as he coulde hye;
A payre of new gallous there he ſet up
Beſyde the pyllorye.

A lytle

A lytle boy amonge them aſked,
" What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
They ſayde to hange a good yeamàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

That lytle boye was the towne ſwyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces ſwyne;
Oft he had ſeene Cloudeſle in the wodde,
And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone,
There met he with theſe wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then ſayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeſle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we ſee thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèſte,
Under the ſhadowes grene,

And

Ver. 179. yonge men. *P. C.* *Ver.* 190. ſhadowes ſheene. *P. C.*

And have kepte both hym and us in reſte,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart ſone had he ſlayne:
Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
In a mery mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYT † of Cloudeſlye,
And another is for to ſaye.

PART THE SECOND.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates ſhut them untyll
About on every ſyde.

Alas!

Ver. 197. wight yong men. *P.C.* † *See Gloſs.*

Alas! than ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then beſpake 'him' Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng,
Let us ſaye we be meſſengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam ſaid, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyſely werke,
We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeales;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate
With ſtrokes great and ſtrong:
The porter herde ſuche noyſe therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, ſayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?
We be tow meſſengers, ſayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, ſayde Adam Bel,
To the juſtice we muſt it bryng;
Let us in our meſſage to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here

Here commeth none in, ſayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a falſe theſe be hanged up,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And ſwore by Mary fre,
And if that we ſtande long wythout,
Lyk a theſe honge thou ſhalt be.

Lo! here we have the kyngès ſeale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went † it had ben ſo,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes ſeale, he ſaide;
For that ye ſhall come in.
He opened the gate full ſhortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, ſayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Chriſt he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we ſhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, ſaid Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then ſhoulde we ſpede,

Then

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. *P.C.* † *i. e. weened.*

Then might we come out wel ynough
When we ſe tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counſell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caſt hym in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, ſayd Adam Bel,
Se brother the keys are here,
The worſt porter to merry Carleile
The have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr ſtringes were round *,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beſet that ſtound.

And, as they loked them beſyde,
A paire of new galowes thei ſee,
And the juſtice with a queſt of ſquyers,
Had judged theyr fere to de.

And

* *So Aſcham ſays,* "*The ſtringe muſt be rounde.*" (*Toxoph. p.* 149. *Ed.* 1761.) *A precept not very intelligible now.*

And Cloudeſlè hymſelfe lay in a carte,
Faſt bound both fote and hand;
And a ſtronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The juſtice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeſlès clothes ſhould he have
To take the meaſure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have ſene as great mervaile, ſaid Cloudeſle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudli, ſaid the juſtice,
I ſhall the hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
There ſtyll as they dyd ſtande.

Then Cloudeſlè caſt his eyen aſyde,
And ſaw hys brethren twaine
At a corner of the market place,
Redy the juſtice for to ſlaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my handes at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then

Then beſpake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough ſo free,
Brother, ſe ye marke the juſtyce wel,
Lo! yonder ye may him ſe.

And at the ſhyrife ſhote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene,
A better ſhote in mery Carleile
Thys ſeven yére was not ſene.

They looſed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had the dread;
The one hyt the juſtice, the other the ſheryfe,
That both theyr ſides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them ſtode nye,
When the juſtice fell to the grounde,
And the ſherife fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens faſt gan flye,
They durſt no lenger abyde;
There lyghtly they looſed Cloudeſle,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam ſterte to an officer of the town,
Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,

On

Ver. 105. lowſed thre. *P.C.* *Ver.* 108. can bled. *MS.*

On eche ſyde he ſmote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam ſayde to hys brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The ſame ſhall you finde by me.

They ſhot ſo well in that tyde,
Theyr ſtringes were of ſilke ful ſure,
That they kept the ſtretes on every ſide;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were al gon,
Men preced to them full faſt,
They drew theyr ſwordès then anone,
And theyr bowes from them caſt.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth ſwordes and bucklers round,
By that it was myd of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was many an out horne in Carliel blowen,
And the belles bacwàrd dyd ryng,
Many a woman ſayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a ful great route:
Theſe yemen dred hym full ſore,
Of theyr lyves they ſtode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a ſtrong man wyth him was,
There in that ſtowre to ſtande.

The mayre ſmot at Cloudeſlè with his bil,
Hys bucler he braſt in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates faſt, they bad,
That theſe traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For ſo faſt they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that ſo manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, ſayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forſake,

And

And yf you do by my counſell
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be theſe good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as leſe on lynde,
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr foes were ferr behynd.

And when they came to Englyſhe wode,
Under the truſty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, ſayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough ſo fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They ſet them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A ſecond FYT of the wightye yeomen.
Another I wyll you tell.

Ver. 175. merry green wood. *P*.

PART THE THIRD.

AS they ſat in Englyſhe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not ſe.

Sore then ſyghed the fayre Alyce:
That ever I ſawe thys day!
For nowe is my dere huſband ſlayne:
Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have ſpoke with hys dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To ſhew to them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeſlè walked a lytle beſide,
Lookt under the grene wood linde,
He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then ſayde Wyllyam,
Under this truſti tre:
I wende yeſterday, by ſwete ſaynt John,
Thou ſhulde me never have ſe.

" New

Ver. 19. I had wende. *P.C.* *Ver.* 20. never had ſe. *P.C.*

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he ſayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to ſpeake, ſaid Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote;
The meate, that we muſt ſupp withall,
It runneth yet faſt on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
Theſe noble archares thre;
Eche of them ſlew a hart of greece,
The beſt that they cold ſe.

Have here the beſt, Alyce my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeſlye;
By cauſe ye ſo bouldly ſtode by me
When I was ſlayne full nye.

Then went they to ſuppère
Wyth ſuche meate as they had,
And thanked God of ther fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

And when they had ſupped well,
Certayne wythouten leaſe,
Cloudeſlè ſayd, we wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce ſhal be at our ſojournyng
In a nunery here beſyde,
My tow ſonnes ſhall wyth her go,
And there they ſhall abyde.

Myne eldeſt ſon ſhall go wyth me,
For hym have I no care:
And he ſhall breng you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus be theſe yemen to London gone,
As faſt as they myght he,
Tyll they came to the kynge's pallàce,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aſke no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced preſtly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

The uſher ſayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers ſhent:
Good ſyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr,

Syr, we be out-lawes of the foreſt
Certayne withouten leaſe,
And hether we be come to our kyng
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The ſayed, Lord, we beſeche the here,
That ye wyll graunt us grace,
For we have ſlayne your fat falow dere
In many a ſondry place.

What be your nams, then ſaid our king,
Anone that you tell me?
They ſayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Be ye thoſe theves, then ſayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye ſhal be hanged all thre.

Ye ſhal be dead withoute mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commandeth his officers every one,
Faſt on them to lay hand.

There they toke theſe good yemen,
And areſted them all thre.
So may I thryve, ſayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beſeche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Inſomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to paſſe,

With ſuch weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aſke you no grace.

Ye ſpeake proudly, ſayd the kynge;
Ye ſhall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then ſayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrſt into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrſt boone that I wold aſke,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

And I never aſked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.

Nowe

Ver. 111. 119. bowne. *P.C.*

Nowe aſke it, madam, ſayd the kynge,
And graunted it ſhall be.

Then, good my lord, I you beſeche,
Theſe yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have aſked a boone,
That ſhuld have been worth them all three.

Ye myght have aſked towres, and townes,
Parkes and foreſtes plentè.
But none ſoe pleaſant to my pay, ſhee ſayd,
Nor none ſo leſe to me.

Madame, ſith it is your deſyre,
Your aſkyng graunted ſhal be,
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman
And ſayde, Lord, gramarcyè:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men they ſhal be.

But good my lord, ſpeke ſom mery word,
That comfort they may ſe.
I graunt you grace, then ſayd our king,
Waſhe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They

Ver. 130. God a mercye. *MS.*

They had not ſetten but a whyle
Certayne without leſynge,
There came meſſengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my juſtice, ſayd the kyng,
And my ſherife alſo?
Syr, they be ſlayne without leaſynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them ſlayne, ſayd the kyng;
Anone thou tell to me?
Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Alas for rewth! then ſayd our kynge;
My hart is wonderous ſore;
I had lever than a thouſande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before:

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himſelfe he red it tho,
And founde how theſe outlawes had ſlain
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrſt the juſtice, and the ſheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the conſtables and catchipolles
Alyve were ſcant left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the ſergeaunte of the law,
And forty foſters of the fe,
Theſe outlawes had yſlaw:

And broke his parks, and ſlayne his dere;
Of all they choſe the beſt;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by eaſte nor weſt.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In harte he ſyghed ſore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eate no more.

The kyng called hys beſt archars
To the buttes with hym to go:
I wyll ſe theſe felowes ſhote, he ſayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen buſket them blyve,
And the quenes archers alſo;
So dyd theſe thre wyghtye yemen,
With them they thought to go.

There twyſe, or thryſe they ſhote about
For to aſſay theyr hande;
There was no ſhote theſe yemen ſhot,
That any prycke † myght ſtand.

Then ſpake Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè,
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That ſhoteth at buttes ſo wyde.

At what a butte now wold ye ſhote,
I pray thee tell to me?
At ſuche a but, ſyr, he ſayd,
As men uſe in my countrè.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
With his two brethèrene:
There they ſet up two haſell roddes
Full twenty ſcore betwene.

I hold him an archar, ſaid Cloudeſle,
That yonder wande cleveth in two.

Here

Ver. 185. blythe. *MS.* † *i. e. mark. Ver.* 202, 203, 212, 20. *P.C. Ver.* 204. Twenty ſcore paces. *P.C. i. e.* 400 *yards.*

Here is none ſuche, ſayd the kyng,
Nor none that can ſo do.

I ſhall aſſaye, ſyr, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudeſly with a bearyng arow
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the beſt archer, then ſaid the king,
For ſothe that ever I ſe.
And yet for your love, ſayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mayſtry.

I have a ſonne is ſeven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a ſtake;
All ſhall ſe, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go ſyxe ſcore hym fro,
And I my ſelfe with a brode aròw
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haſte the, then ſayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou heſt ſayde,
Hanged ſhalt thou be.

And

Ver. 222. Six ſcore paces. *P.C. i. e.* 120 *yards.*

And thou touche his head or gowne.
In ſyght that men may ſe,
By all the ſayntes that be in heaven,
I ſhall hange you all thre.

That I have promiſed, ſaid William,
That wyll I never forſake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a ſtake:

And bound therto his eldeſt ſonne,
And bad hym ſtand ſtyll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Becauſe he ſhould not ſterte.

An apple upon his head he ſet,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe ſcore paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeſlè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He ſet that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both ſtyffe and ſtronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
That they ſtill wold ſtand,
For he ſhoteth for ſuch a wager,
Behoveth a ſtedfaſt hand.

Muche

Ver. 252, ſteedye. *MS.*

Muche people prayed for Cloudeſlè,
That his lyfe ſaved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to ſhote,
There was many weping ee.

But Cloudeſlè clefte the apple in twaine,
His ſonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, ſayde the kinge,
That thou ſhold ſhote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe ſhalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, ſaid the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt
No man ſhall ſay the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are ſo ſemely to ſe.

Your ſonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-ſeller he ſhal be;
And whan he commeth to mans eſtate,
Shal better avaunced be.

And, Wyllym, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her ſore to ſe:
She ſhall be my cheſe gentelwoman
To governe my nurſerye.

The yemen thanketh them curteouſly.
To ſome byſhop wyl we wend,
Of all the ſynnes, that we have done,
To be aſſoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone theſe good yemen,
As faſt as they might he,
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of theſe good yemen;
God ſend them eternall blyſſe,
And all, that with a hand-bowe ſhoteth,
That of heven they never myſſe. Amen.

II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's ſong in HAMLET, *A.* 5. *is taken from three ſtanzas of the following poem, though ſomewhat altered and diſguiſed, probably as the ſame were corrupted by the ballad-ſingers of Shakeſpeare's time. The original is preſerved among Surrey's Poems,* 1559, *and is attributed to Lord* VAUX, *by Geo. Gaſcoigne, who tells us, it "was "thought by ſome to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epiſt. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Poſies* 1575. 4*to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his ſkill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for ſo I underſtand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation "lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptneſſe of "his deſcriptions ſuch as he taketh upon him to make, name-"ly in ſundry of his Songs, wherein he ſhoweth the* COUN-"TERFAIT ACTION *very lively and pleaſantly." Arte of Eng. Poeſie,* 1589. *p.* 51. *See alſo Vol.* 2. *p.* 45.

I Lothe that I did love,
In youth that I thought ſwete:
As tyme requires for my behove,
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My luſtes they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And traſt of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For age with ſtealing ſteps,
  Hath clawed me with his crowch,
And luſty life away ſhe leapes,
  As there had ben none ſuch.

My muſe doth not delight
  Me as ſhe did before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
  As they have ben of yore.

For reaſon me denyes,
  This youthly ydle rime
And day by day to me ſhe cryes,
  Leave off theſe toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
  The furrowes in my face
Say, limping age will lodge him now,
  Where youth muſt geve him place.

The harbinger of death,
  To me I ſee him ride,
The cough, the colde, the gaſping breath,
  Doth bid me to provyde

A pikeax and a ſpade,
  And eke a ſhrowding ſhete,
A howſe of clay for to be made,
  For ſuch a gueſt moſt mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knowles the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to ſkorne,
Of me that clene ſhal be forgot,
As I had not been borne.

Thus muſt I youth geve up,
Whoſe badge I long did weare,
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed ſkull,
By whoſe balde ſigne I know,
That ſtouping age away ſhall pull,
Which youthful yeres did ſow.

For beauty with her band,
Theſe croked cares hath wrought,
And ſhipped me into the lande,
From whence I firſt was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other truſt:
As ye of clay wer caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye waſt to duſt.

III.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Shakeſpeare has made this ſonnet the ſubject of ſome pleaſant ridicule in his ROMEO AND JULIET. *A. IV. Sc.* 5. *where he introduces Peter putting this Queſtion to the Muſicians.*

" PETER. . . . *why* " *Silver Sound*" ? *why* " *Muſicke* " *with her ſilver ſound*" ? *what ſay you, Simon Catling ?*

" 1. MUS. *Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet* " *ſound.*

" PET. *Pretty ! what ſay you, Hugh Rebecke ?*

" 2. MUS. *I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe Muſicians ſound* " *for ſilver.*

" PET. *Pretty too ! what ſay you, James Sound-poſt.*

" 3. MUS. *Faith, I know not what to ſay.*

" PET. . . . *I will ſay for you : It is* " *Muſicke with* " *her ſilver ſound,*" *becauſe Muſicians have no gold for* " *ſounding.*"

This ridicule is not ſo much levelled at the ſong itſelf (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at thoſe forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expoſitors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from the old quarto MS in the Cotton Library, [*Veſp. A.* 25.] *entitled* " *Divers things of Hen.* " *viij's time*" : *with ſome corrections from The Paradiſe of dainty deviſes,* 1596.

WHERE

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppreſſe,
There muſicke with her ſilver ſound
With ſpede is wont to ſend redreſſe:
Of trobled mynds, in every ſore,
Swete muſicke hathe a ſalve in ſtore.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy ſprites;
Be-ſtrawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By muſickes pleaſaunt ſwete delightes:
Our ſenſes all, what ſhall I ſay more?
Are ſubjecte unto muſicks lore.

The Gods by muſicke have theire prayſe,
The lyfe, the ſoule therein doth joye;
For, as the Romayne poet ſayes,
In ſeas, whom pyrats would deſtroy,
A dolphin ſaved from death moſt ſharpe
Arion playing on hys harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the ſterne dothe rule the ſhippe!
O muſicke, whom the gods aſſinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Senſe thow both man and beſte doeſt move,
What beſte ys he, wyll the diſprove?

IV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

—is a ſtory often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakeſpear in his ROMEO AND JULIET, *A. II. Sc. 1. makes Mercutio ſay,*

——"*Her [Venus's] purblind ſon and heir,*
"*Young Adam* * *Cupid, he that ſhot ſo true,*
"*When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.*"

As the 13th Line of the following ballad ſeems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakeſpeare wrote it SHOT SO TRIM, *which the players or printers, not perceiving the alluſion, might alter to* TRUE. *The former, as being the more humorous expreſſion, ſeems moſt likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.*

IN *the 2d Part of* HEN. IV. *A. 5. Sc. 3. Falſtaff is introduced affectedly ſaying to Piſtoll,*

"*O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?*
"*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*"

Theſe lines Bp. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombaſt play of KING COPHETUA. *No ſuch play is, I believe, now to be found: but it does not therefore follow that it never exiſted. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers* †, *which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any*

* *See above p.* 130.

† *See Meres's Wits Treaſ. f.* 283. *Arte of Eng. Poeſ.* 1589. *p.* 51, 111, 143, 169.

Liſt.

Liſt. In the infancy of the ſtage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in alluſion to the ſame play that Ben Jonſon ſays in his Comedy of EVERY MAN *in his humour, A. 3. ſc. 4.*

"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made "as RICH *as King Cophetua."*

At leaſt there is no mention of King Cophetua's RICHES *in the preſent ballad, which is the oldeſt I have met with on the ſubject.*

It is printed from Rich. Johnſon's "Crown Garland of "Goulden Roſes." 1612. 12mo. (where it is intitled ſimply, A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING *:) corrected by another copy.*

I Read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
For ſure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all diſdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day.
As he out of his window lay,
He ſaw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cauſe his paine.

The blinded boy, that ſhootes ſo trim,
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
In place where he did lye:

Which ſoone did pierſe him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did ſticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What ſudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love muſt ſubject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But ſtill did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thouſand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he ſeekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him ſo in ſnare,
That this poore begger muſt prepare
A ſalve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he muſing thus did lye,
He thought for to deviſe
How he might have her companye,
That ſo did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth reſt my life,
For ſurely thou ſhalt be my wife;

Or elſe this hand with bloody knife
The Gods ſhall ſure ſuffice.
Then from his bed he ſoon aroſe,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When ſhe the king eſpies.

The gods preſerve your majeſty
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchſafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his purſſe did caſt,
And they to part it made great haſte,
The ſilly woman was the laſt
That after them did hye.
The king hę cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And ſaid, With us you ſhal remaine
Till ſuch time as we dye:

For thou, quoth he, ſhalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As ſhortly ſhall be ſeene:
Our wedding ſhall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou ſhalt go ſhift thee cleane.

What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he?
Penelophon, O king, quoth ſhe:
With that ſhe made a lowe courtſey,
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger bluſheth ſcarlet red,
And ſtraight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all ſhe ſaid,
She was in ſuch amaze.
At laſt ſhe ſpake with trembling voyce
And ſaid, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree's ſo baſe.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded ſtrait
The noblemen both all and ſome
Upon the queene to wait.
And ſhe behavde herſelf that day,
As if ſhe had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which ſhe did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to paſſe,
The prieſt, when he begins his maſſe,

Forgets that ever clerke he was,
He knowth not his eſtate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed,
He that did lovers lookes diſdaine,
To do the ſame was glad and faine,
Or elſe he would himſelfe have ſlaine,
In ſtorie, as we read.
Diſdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy ſervant heere,
Leaſt that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raine;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers ſheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievouſly,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiouſly,
Their death to them was paine.
Their fame did ſound ſo paſſingly,
That it did pierce the ſtarry ſky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

TAKE

V. 105. *Here the Poet addreſſes himſelf to his miſtreſs.*
V. 112. Sheweth *was anciently the plur. numb.*

V.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

—is ſuppoſed to have been originally a Scottiſh Ballad. The reader has here an ancient copy in the Engliſh idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curioſity is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the aſſiſtance of the Scottiſh Edit. Shakeſpear in his OTHELLO, *A. 2. has quoted one ſtanza, with ſome variations, which are here adopted: The old MS readings are however given in the margin.*

THIS winters weather waxeth cold,
And froſt doth freeſe on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blaſts ſoe bold,
That all our cattell are like to ſpill;
Bell my wife, who loves no ſtrife,
She ſayd unto me quietlie,
Riſe up, and ſave cow Crumbockes life,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why doſt thou flyte 'and ſcorne'?
Thou kenſt my cloak is very thin:
It is ſo bare and overworne,
A cricke ‡ he thereon cannot renn:

Then

‡ *Perhaps* ticke.

Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
'For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and ſpend,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,
Still has helpt us to butter and cheeſe, I trow,
And other things ſhe will not fayle;
I wold be loth to ſee her pine,
Good huſband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to goe ſoe fine,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and forty yeare:
Sometime it was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a ſigh-clout as you may ſee,
'It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since th' one of us the other did ken,

And wee have had betwixt us towe
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyſelf miſken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

He.

O Bell my wife, why doſt thou floute!
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenſt not clownes from gentlemen.
They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'
Soe farr above their owne degree:
Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'
For Ill have a new cloake about mee.

She.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held them ſixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouſe but of a low degree:
Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.

Ver. 49. King Harry. *MS.* *Ver.* 50. I trow his hoſe. *MS.*
Ver. 51. 12 pence. *MS.* *Ver.* 52. clowne. *MS.*

He.

HE.

« Bell my wife ſhe loves not ſtrife,
Yet ſhe will lead me if ſhe can,
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man': 60
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unleſſe he firſt give oer the plea:
Where I began I now mun leave,
And take mine old cloake about mee.

VI.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following ſtanzas that Shakeſpeare has taken his ſong of the WILLOW, *in his* OTHELLO, *A. 4. ſ. 3. though ſomewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Deſdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,*

" *My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:*
" *She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, forſook her,*
" *And ſhe prov'd mad. She had a Song of* WILLOW.
" *An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune;*
" *And ſhe dyed ſinging it.*"

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection thus intitled, " *A Lovers complaint, being forſaken of his* " *love. To a pleaſant tune.*"

A Poore

A Poore ſoule ſat ſighing under a ſicamore tree,
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his boſom, his head on his knee;
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

He ſigh'd in his ſinging, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleaſure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love ſhe is turned; untrue ſhe doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one:
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; ſhe rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold ſtreams ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The

The mute birds ſate by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoftned the ſtones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

Let nobody blame me, her ſcornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty ſhould harbour a heart, that's ſo hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let Love no more boaſt him in palace, or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c.
I muſt patiently ſuffer her ſcorne, and diſdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forſaken, and ſet down by me,
O willow, &c,
He that 'plaines of his falſe love, mine's falſer than ſhe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, ſince my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A Garland for lovers forſaken moſt meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

THE SECOND PART.

LOWE lay'd by my ſorrow, begot by diſdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Againſt her too cruell, ſtill ſtill I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow:
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart;
O willow, &c.
To ſuffer the triumph, and joy in my ſmart:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garlànd,
O willow, &c.
A ſign of her falſeneſſe before me doth ſtand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to deſpair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore mee in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I reſt mee, hang this to the view
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With theſe words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyſon for potion moſt ſweet."
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Though ſhe thus unkindly hath ſcorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And careleſly ſmiles at the ſorrowes, I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the green willow, &c.

I cannot againſt her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cauſe once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the green willow ſhall be my garlànd.

The name of her ſounded ſo ſweete in mine eare,
O willow. &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguiſh, then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire falſe hearted: plaints end with my breath!
O willow, &c.
Thou doſt loath me, I love thee, though cauſe of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garlànd.

VII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakeſpeare's ſecond Part of HENRY *IV. A.* 2. *ſc.* 4. *The ſubject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called* MORTE ARTHUR) *being a poetical tranſlation of Chap.* cviii, cix, cx, *in Pt.* 1*ſt. as they ſtand in Ed.* 1634. 4*to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This ſong is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the folio MS.*

In the ſame play of 2 *Hen. IV.* SILENCE *hums a ſcrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following ſtanza of* ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
With that they eſpy'd the jolly Pindàr
As he ſate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every ſtall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur firſt in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
And conqueſt home did bring.

Then into England ſtraight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that reſorted unto him,
And were of his round table.

And many juſts and turnaments,
Wherto were many preſt,
Wherein ſome knights did then excell
And far ſurmount the reſt.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feates of armes,
All others did excell.

When he had reſted him a while,
In play, and game, and ſportt,
He ſaid he wold goe prove himſelfe
In ſome adventurous ſort.

He armed rode in forreſt wide,
And met a damſell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
For that cauſe came I hither.
Thou ſeemſt, quoth ſhe, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither,

Whereas

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therfore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name.

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth ſhe, it likes me than:
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in priſon threeſcore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river ſide,
And alſo to a tree,
Whereon a copper baſon hung,
And many ſhields to ſee.

He ſtruck ſoe hard, the baſon broke;
And Tarquin ſoon he ſpyed:
Who drove a horſe before him faſt,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then ſayd Sir Lancelòtt,
Bring me that horſe-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him reſt;
Weel try our force together.

For, as I underſtand, thou haſt,
  Soe far as thou art able,
Done great deſpite and ſhame unto
  The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
  Quoth Tarquin ſpeedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowſhip
  I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott;
  Defend thee by and by.
They ſett their ſpeares unto their ſteeds,
  And each att other flye.

They coucht their ſpeares, (their horſes ran
  As though there had been thunder)
And ſtrucke them each amidſt their ſhields,
  Wherewith they broke in ſunder.

Their horſes backes brake under them,
  The knights were both aſtound:
To avoyd their horſes they made haſte
  And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their ſhields full faſt,
  Their ſwords they drew out than,
With mighty ſtrokes moſt eagerlye
  Eache at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
For breath they both did ſtand,
And leaning on their ſwordes awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I ſhall aſke.
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the beſt knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate:
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the reſt,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well ſayd, quoth Lancelott;
But ſith it muſt be ſoe,
What knight is that thou hateſt thus?
I pray thee to me ſhow.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He ſlew my brother deere;
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt:
I would I had him here.

Thy wiſh thou haſt, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds ſon of Schuwake;

And I deſire thee do thy worſt.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two ſhall end our lives
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome ſhalt thou bee:
Wherfore ſee thou thyſelf defend,
For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together ſo,
Like unto wild boares ruſhing,
And with their ſwords and ſhields they ran
At one another ſlaſhing:

The ground beſprinkled was with blood:
Tarquin began to yield,
For he gave backe for wearineſſe,
And lowe did beare his ſhield.

This ſoone Sir Lancelot eſpyde,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And ruſhing off his helm,

Forthwith he ſtrucke his necke in two,
And, when he had ſoe done,
From priſon threeſcore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

VIII.

CORYDON's FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespear's TWELFTH-NIGHT, *A. 2. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany intitled, "The golden Garland of princely "delights." 12mo. bl. let.*

In the same scene of the Twelfth Night, SIR TOBY *sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection.* [*Vol. 1. p. 33. 496.*] *but is so poor a performance, that it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:*

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame,
He took to wife a faire womàn,
Sufanna fhe was callde by name;
A woman fair and vertuous;
Lady, lady:
Why fhould we not of her learn thus
To live godly?

If this song of CORYDON, *&c. has not more merit, it is at leaft an evil of leſs magnitude.*

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL, dear love; ſince thou wilt needs begone,
Mine eyes do ſhew, my life is almoſt done.
Nay I will never die, ſo long as I can ſpie
There be many mo, though that ſhe doe goe.
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; ſince this I find is true,
I will not ſpend more time in wooing you:
But I will ſeek elſewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and ſpare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thouſand times farewell;—yet ſtay a while:—
Sweet, kiſs me once; ſweet kiſſes time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay ſtay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I ſee loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But ſeeing I muſt loſe thy love, which I did chooſe,
Goe thy way for me, ſince that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What

What ſhall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is as fair, as ſhe is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.
If ſhe come no more, ſhall I die therefore?
If ſhe come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

IX.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. *tranſlated from the Italian of Greg.* LETI, *by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio,*" *is a remarkable paſſage to the following effect,*

"IT *was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and* "*plundered St. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an* "*immenſe booty. This account came in a private letter to* "*Paul Secchi, a very conſiderable merchant in the city,* "*who had large concerns in thoſe parts, which he had in-* "*ſured. Upon receiving this news, he ſent for the inſurer* "*Sampſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it.* "*The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report* "*thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly* "*be true, and at laſt worked himſelf into ſuch a paſſion,* "*that he ſaid, I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh it is a lye.* "*Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay* "*you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that* "*it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles* "*were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi* "*won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife* "*from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed. The*

"*truth*

" *truth of the account was ſoon confirmed; and the Jew was* " *almoſt diſtracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had* " *ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to an exact perform-* " *ance of his contract. A report of this tranſaction was* " *brought to the Pope, who ſent for the parties, and being* " *informed of the whole affair, ſaid, When contracts are* " *made, it is but juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as this ſhall.* " *Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh* " *from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We adviſe* " *you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a* " *ſcruple more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be* " *hanged.*"

The Editor of that book is of opinion, That the ſcene between Shylock and Antonio in the MERCHANT OF VENICE *is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton in his* " *Obſervations on the Faerie queen* ‡," *has, with more probability, referred it to the following ballad, which ſhould ſeem to have taken its riſe from ſome ſuch ſtory. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakeſpeare's play, as being not ſo circumſtantial, and having more of the nakedneſs of an original. Beſides it differs from the play in many circumſtances, which a meer copyiſt, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himſelf the trouble to alter. Indeed he expreſsly informs us, that he had his ſtory from the Italian writers. See the* CONNOISSEUR. *Vol.* I. *No.* 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority LETI† *had for the foregoing fact, or at leaſt for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake: for this expedition did not happen till* 1585, *and it is very certain that a play of the* JEWE, " *repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly chuſers, and* " *bloody minds of uſurers,*" *had been exhibited at the playhouſe called* THE BULL, *before the year* 1579, *being mentioned*

‡ *Vol.* I. *pag.* 128. *&c.* † *He wrote in the time of Charles II.*

tioned in Steph. Goſſon's SCHOOLE OF ABUSE ‡, *which was printed in that year.*

As for Shakeſpeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE, *the earlieſt edition known of it is in quarto* 1600; *though it had been exhibited before the year* 1598, *being mentioned together with eleven other of his plays in Meres's* WITS TREASURY *&c.* 1598. 12*mo. fol.* 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection †, *intitled, "A new Song, ſhewing "the crueltie of* GERNUTUS, *a* JEWE, *who lending to a "merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his "fleſhe, becauſe he could not pay him at the time appointed. "To the tune of Black and yellow."*

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on uſurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in ſtreets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him ſlay.

Or

‡ *Warton, ubi ſupra.* † *Compared with the Aſhmole Copy.*

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be ſpread abroad.

So fares it with the uſurer,
He cannot ſleep in reſt,
For feare the thiefe will him purſue
To plucke him from his neſt.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almoſt ful of mucke,
Yet ſtill he gapes for more.

His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
Or elſe you looſe it all:

This

Ver. 32. *Her* COW, *&c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare* SHYLOCK's *argument for uſury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's ſheep, Act* 1. *to which* ANTONIO *replies,*

" *Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?*
" *Or are your gold and ſilver* EWES *and rams?*
" SHY. *I cannot tell, I make it* BREED AS FAST."

This was the living of the wife,
Her cow ſhe did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being diſtreſſed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Deſiring him to ſtand his freind
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatſoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he ſhould have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)
Sir, aſke what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeare you ſhall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

Ver. 35. *Shakeſpear has finely improved this, by making the merchant's motive for borrowing to be not on account of his own neceſſities, but for the ſervice of his friend. Which at the ſame time that it raiſes his character, becomes conducive to the general plot. See the Connoiſſeur. ubi ſupra.*

But we will have a merry jeaſt,
For to be talked long:
You ſhall make me a bond, quoth he,
That ſhall be large and ſtrong:

And this ſhall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleſhe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant ſays:
And ſo the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it ſhould be payd,

The marchants ſhips were all at ſea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus ſtrait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And ſayde to him, Of curteſie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare ſay.

With all my heart, Gernutus ſayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You ſhall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once paſt
Gernutus doth not ſlacke
To get a ſergiant preſently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into priſon ſtrong,
And ſued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither faſt,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day muſt dye.

The Second Part,

" *Of the Jews crueltie; ſetting foorth the mercifulneſſe of* " *the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke* " *and yellow.*"

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And ſome a thouſand, two or three,
Yet ſtill he did denay.

And at the laſt ten thouſand crownes
They offered, him to ſave.
Gernutus ſayd, I will no gold,
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleſhe is my demand,
And that ſhall be my hire.
Then ſayd the judge, Yet good my friend,
Let me of you deſire

To take the fleſh from ſuch a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do ſo, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he, no: judgment here:
For this it ſhall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleſhe
From under his right ſide.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to ſee,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he muſt ſpoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To ſpoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And

And as he was about to ſtrike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do ſo.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of fleſh a pound:
See that thou ſhed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here ſhalt hanged be:
Likewiſe of fleſh ſee that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or leſſe
To the value of a mite,
Thou ſhalt be hanged preſently
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to ſay;
Quoth he at laſt, Ten thouſand crownes,
I will that he ſhall pay;

And ſo I graunt to ſet him free.
The judge doth anſwere make;
You ſhall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the laſt he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you liſt,
Thy judgement ſhall be ſhowne.

Either take your pound of fleſh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth againſt me ſtand!

And ſo with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
'Then' all the people pray s'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this ſong,
For trueth I dare well ſay,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That ſeeketh nothing but the ſpoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviſeth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Chriſtian too,
And ſend to them like ſentence eke
That meaneth ſo to do.

Ver. 61. griped. *Aſtmol. copy.*

X

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful ſonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *A.* 3. *ſc.* 1. *and is aſcribed (together with the* REPLY*) to Shakeſpeare himſelf by all the modern editors of his ſmaller poems. In Lintot's* COLLECTION *of them,* 12mo *(no date) is a copy of this ſonnet containing only four ſtanzas (the* 4th. *and* 6th. *being wanting), accompanied with the firſt ſtanza of the Anſwer. This edition has ſome appearance of exactneſs, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing "* THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, *" and* SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, *by "Mr.* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LOND. *printed for "*W. JAGGARD. 1599.*"——If this may be relied on, then was this ſonnet, &c. publiſhed, as Shakeſpeare's in his Life time.*

And yet there is good reaſon to believe that (not Shakeſpeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, *wrote the ſong, and Sir* WALTER RALEGH *the "Nymph's reply:" For ſo we are poſitively aſſured by Iſaac Walton, a writer of ſome credit, who has inſerted them both in his* COMPLEAT ANGLER†, *under the character of "that ſmooth ſong, "which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at leaſt fifty "years ago; and . . . an Anſwer to it, which was made "by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old-"faſhioned poetry but choicely good." — It alſo paſſed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries, for the editor of the "Muſes Library," has reprinted a poem from* ENGLAND'S

† *Firſt printed in the year* 1653, *but probably written ſome time before.*

GLAND'S HELICON, 1600, *subscribed* Ignoto, *and thus intitled,* "*In Imitation of C. Marlow,*" *beginning thus,*

"COME *live with me and be my dear,*
"*And we will revel all the year,*
"*In plains and groves, &c.*"

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, *and* RALEIGH; *notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir* JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, *and the* LONDON PRODIGAL, *were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors* HEMINGE *and* CONDELL, *who were his intimate friends* ‡, *and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.*

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among DONNE'S *poems, intitled* "*The Bait,*" *beginning thus,*

"COME *live with me, and be my love,*
"*And we will some new pleasures prove*
"*Of golden sands, &c.*"

As for CHR. MARLOW, *who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year* 1593. *See A. Wood, I.* 138.

LIVE with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There

‡ *He mentions them both in his will.*

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roſes
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;

A belt of ſtraw, and ivie buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's toung,

Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies ſpring, but ſorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then thoſe delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

XI.

TITUS ANDRONICUS's COMPLAINT.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject with the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and there is no doubt, but the one was borrowed from the other: which of them was the original it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the arguments offered above in p.* 190 *for the priority of the ballad of the* JEW OF VENICE *be admitted as conclusive, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of* TITUS *afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is bethrothed to the Emperor's Son: in the play to his Brother. In the tragedy only Two of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all Three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.*

Let

Let the Reader weigh theſe circumſtances and ſome others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himſelf.——After all, there is reaſon to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakeſpeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him, for not to mention that the ſtile is leſs figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with diſcredit in the Induction to Ben Jonſon's BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, *in* 1614, *as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty "years:" which, if we take the loweſt number, throws it back to the year* 1589, *at which time Shakeſpeare was but* 25 *: an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces* ‡ *: and if it does not clear him entirely of it, ſhews at leaſt it was a firſt attempt.*

The following is given from a Copy in "The Golden Gar-"land" intitled as above ; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled "The Lamentable and Tragical Hiſtory of Titus Andronicus, "&c.—To the tune of Fortune."—Unluckily none of theſe have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt diſgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threeſcore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres ;
Full five and twenty valiant ſonnes I had,
Whoſe forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For

‡ *The earlieſt known, is* KING JOHN *in two parts* 1591. 4*to. bl. let. This play he afterwards intirely new wrote, as we now have it.*

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Againſt them ſtille my ſonnes and I were ſent;
Againſt the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We ſpent, receiving many a bloudy ſcarre.

Juſt two and twenty of my ſonnes were ſlaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five and twenty ſonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the ſtately towers of Rome to ſee.

When wars were done, I conqueſt home did bring,
And did preſent my priſoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her ſons, and eke a moore,
Which did ſuch murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie ſtrife,
The moore, with her two ſonnes did growe ſoe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore ſoe pleas'd this new-made empreſs' eie,
That ſhe conſented to him ſecretly
For to abuſe her huſbands marriage bed,
And ſoe in time a blackamore ſhe bred.

Then ſhe, whoſe thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Conſented with the moore of bloody minde
Againſt myſelfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell ſort to bring them to their ends.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increaſe:
Amongſt my ſonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd, and pleaſed beſt my aged ſight:

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Ceſars ſonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two ſonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being ſlaine, was caſt in cruel wiſe,
Into a darkſome den from light of ſkies:
The cruell moore did come that way as then
With my three ſonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with ſpeed,
For to accuſe them of that murderous deed;
And when my ſonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull priſon they were caſt and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded moſt my mind,
The empreſſes two ſonnes of ſavage kind
My daughter raviſhed without remorſe,
And tooke away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had taſted of ſoe ſweete a flowre,
Fearing this ſweete ſhould ſhortly turne to ſowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby ſhe could not tell
How that diſhonoure unto her befell.

Then

Then both her hands they baſely cutt off quite
Whereby their wickedneſse ſhe could not write,
Nor with her needle on her ſampler ſowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the graſſie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her ſtumpes, and bloudleſse armes:
Noe tongue at all ſhe had to tell her harmes.

But when I ſawe her in that woefull caſe,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more,
Then for my two and twenty ſonnes before.

When as I ſawe ſhe could not write nor ſpeake,
With griefe mine aged heart began to breake;
We ſpred an heape of ſand upon the ground,
Whereby thoſe bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a ſtaffe without the helpe of hand,
She writt theſe wordes upon the plat of ſand:
"The luſtfull ſonnes of the proud emperèſse
"Are doers of this hateful wickednèſse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curſt the houre, wherein I firſt was bred,
I wiſht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had firſt been ſtroken lame.

The moore delighting ſtill in villainy,
Did ſay, to ſett my ſonnes from priſon free
I ſhould unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three impriſoned ſonnes ſhould live.

The moore I caus'd to ſtrike it off with ſpeede,
Whereat I grieved not to ſee it bleed,
But for my ſonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ranſome ſend my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They ſent to me my bootleſse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three ſonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with freſher moanes.

Then paſt reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the duſt my woe :
I ſhot my arrowes ‡ towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empreſse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies ſhe and both her ſonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would ſay.

I fed

‡ *If the ballad was written before the play, I ſhould ſuppoſe this to be only a metaphorical expreſſion, taken from that in the Pſalms,* "*They ſhoot out their arrowes, even bitter words.*" *Ps.* 64. 3.

I fed their fooliſh veines † a certaine ſpace,
Untill my friendes did find a ſecrett place,
Where both her ſonnes unto a poſt were bound,
And juſt revenge in cruell ſort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her ſtumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder ſmall,
And made a paſte for pyes ſtreight therewithall.

Then with their fleſhe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet ſervde in ſtately wiſe:
Before the empreſſe ſet this loathſome meat;
So of her ſonnes own fleſh ſhe well did eat.

Myſelfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empreſse then I ſlewe with bloudy knife,
And ſtabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myſelf: even ſoe did Titus die.

Then this revenge againſt the Moore was found
Alive they ſett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he ſtood untill ſuch time he ſtarv'd:
And ſoe God ſend all murderers may be ſerv'd.

† *i. e. encouraged them in their fooliſh humours, or fancies.*

XII.

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic‡ justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *A. 4. sc. 1 Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's* BLOODY BROTHER, *A. 5. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespear's* SONNETS *reprinted by Lintot.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XIII. KING

‡ *Bp. Warb. in his Shakesp.*

XIII.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the Subject of KING LEAR, *which (as a ſenſible female critic has well obſerved* †*) bears ſo exact an analogy to the argument of Shakeſpeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madneſs, which the old chronicles* ‡ *do not mention, as alſo the extravagant cruelty exerciſed on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear they likewiſe very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is that there is nothing to aſſiſt us in aſcertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence ariſes from within, this the Reader muſt weigh and judge for himſelf.—After all, 'tis poſſible that Shakeſpeare and the author of this ballad might both of them be indebted to a more ancient dramatic Writer. For that an older play of* KING LEIR *had been exhibited before Shakeſpeare wrote, and is even ſtill extant in print, I am aſſured upon undoubted authority, tho' I have not been ſo lucky as to obtain a ſight of it.*

This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland" bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable ſong of the Death "of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of "When flying fame."

† *Shakeſpear illuſtrated, Vol.* 3. *p.* 302.

‡ *See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingſhed, &c. who relate Leir's hiſtory in many reſpects the ſame as the ballad.*

KING Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increaſe:
Amongſt thoſe things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely ſeeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A queſtion thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could ſhew the deareſt love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth,
The kindeſt will appear.

To whom the eldeſt thus began,
Dear father, mind, quoth ſhe,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood ſhall render'd be:
And for your ſake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I ſee your reverend age
The ſmalleſt grief ſuſtain.

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid:
  Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
  I'll gently undertake;
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
  With diligence and love;
That ſweet content and quietneſs;
  Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
  The aged king reply'd;
But what ſayſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
  How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
  Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
  And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhew no more, quoth he,
  Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
  When as no more I find:
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
  Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm;
  By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters loves are more
  Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
  My kingdome and my land:
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
  That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
  Until my dying day.

Thus flattering ſpeeches won renown,
  By theſe two ſiſters here:
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
  Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
  Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
  Through many an Engliſh town:

Untill at laſt in famous France
  She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
  The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
  And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
  He made his wife and queen.

Her father 'old' king Lear this while
With his two daughters ſtaid,
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full ſoon the ſame decay'd,
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him,
So took ſhe all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer ſtay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My ſecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faſt he hies then to her court;
Where when ſhe heard his moan
Return'd him anſwer, That ſhe griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ſtay
Within her kitchen, he ſhould have
What ſcullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his anſwer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.

Where when he came, ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She ſaid) he would not ſtay.
Then back again to Gonorell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What ſcullion boys ſet by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which ſhe had promis'd late:
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
Come after to her gate
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughters words,
That ſaid the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood beſtain his cheeks,
With age and honour ſpread:
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and ſenſleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſt with diſcontents,
He paſſed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find ſome gentler chance.
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſſe king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel ſlain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battel move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The end of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents:
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin.

XIV.

YOUTH AND AGE,

——*is found in the little collection of Shakeſpeare's Sonnets, intitled the* PASSIONATE PILGRIME ‡, *the greateſt part of which ſeem to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis,*

‡ *See above, page* 199.

Adonis, being little effuſions of fancy, probably written, while he was compoſing his larger Poem on that ſubject. The following ſeems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of good will," it is reprinted, with the additon of IV. more ſuch ſtanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like ſummer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of ſport,
Ages breath is ſhort;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee,
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defie thee;
Oh ſweet ſhepheard, hie thee,
For methinks thou ſtays too long.

XV.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER's GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, with the INDUCTION *to Shakespeare's* TAMING OF THE SHREW: *whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.*

The story is told ‡ *of* PHILIP *the* GOOD, *Duke of Burgnndy; and is thus related by an old English writer.* "*The* "*said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king* "*of Portugall at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised* "*in the deepe of winter, when as by reason of unseasonable* "*weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now* "*tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick* "*sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers,* "*he would in the evening walke disguised all about the* "*towne. It so fortuned, as he was was walking late one* "*night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on* "*a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his pa-* "*lace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring* "*him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and* "*they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and per-* "*suade him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow* "*admiring how he came there, was served in state all day* "*long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and* "*all*

‡ *By Ludov. Vives in Epist. & Pont. Heut. Rerum Burgund. lib.* 4.

" all the reſt of thoſe court-like pleaſures : but late at night, " when he was well tipled, and again faſt aſleepe, they put " on his old robes, and ſo conveyed him to the place, where " they firſt found him. Now the fellow had not made them " ſo good ſport the day before, as he did now, when he re- " turned to himſelfe : all the jeſt was to ſee how he looked " upon it. In concluſion, after ſome little admiration, the " poore man told his friends he had ſeen a viſion ; conſtantly " believed it ; would not otherwiſe be perſuaded, and ſo the " jeſt ended." Burton's Anatomy of melancholy. Pt. 2. ſect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed. 1624. fol.

This ballad is given from a black letter in the Pepys Collection, which is intitled as above, " To the tune of, Fond boy."

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleaſes his fancy with frolickſome ſport :
But amongſt all the reſt, here is one I proteſt,
Which will make you to ſmile when you hear the true jeſt :
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As ſecure in a ſleep as if laid in a ſwound.

The duke ſaid to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll ſport with him then.
O'er a horſe he was laid, and with care ſoon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd :
Then they ſtript off his cloaths, both his ſhirt, ſhoes and hoſe,
And they put him to bed for to take his repoſe.

Having pull'd off his ſhirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :

On

On a bed of ſoft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to ſleep the drink out of his crown:
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to ſee the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay ſomething late, in his rich bed of ſtate,
Till at laſt knights and ſquires they on him did wait:
And the chamberling bare, then did likewiſe declare,
He deſir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he ſeem'd ſomething mute, yet he choſe a rich ſuit,
Which he ſtraitways put on without longer diſpute;
With a ſtar on his ſide, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it ſeem'd for to ſwell him 'no' little with pride;
For he ſaid to himſelf, Where is Joan my ſweet wife?
Sure ſhe never did ſee me ſo fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace,
Did obſerve his behaviour in every caſe.
To a garden of ſtate, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets ſounding before him: thought he this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleaſant walks he did view,
With commanders and ſquires in ſcarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dreſt, both for him and his gueſts,
He was plac'd at the table above all the reſt,

In

In a rich chair ‘ or bed,’ lin’d with fine crimſon red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he ſat at his meat, the muſick play’d ſweet,
With the choiceſt of ſinging his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with ſherry and tent ſuperfine.
Like a right honeſt ſoul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at laſt he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he ſleeping did ſnore,
Being ſeven times drunker then ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they ſhould ſtrip him amain,
And reſtore him his old leather garments again :
’Twas a point next the worſt, yet perform it they muſt,
And they carry’d him ſtrait where they found him at firſt ;
Then he ſlept all the night, as indeed well he might,
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory ‘ to him’ ſo pleaſant did ſeem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;
Till at length being brought to the duke, where he ſought
For a pardon as fearing he had ſet him at nought ;
But his highneſs he ſaid, Thou’rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highneſs beſpoke him a new ſuit and cloak,
Which he gave for the ſake of this frolickſome joak ;

Nay,

Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou ſhalt never, ſaid he, range the counteries round,
Crying old braſs to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy ſweet wife ſhall my ducheſs attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! muſt Joan my ſweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleaſure to ride?
Muſt we have gold and land e'ry day at command?
Then I ſhall be a ſquire I well underſtand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in ſo happy a caſe.

XVI.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Diſperſed thro' Shakeſpeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the intire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, the Editor was tempted to ſelect ſome of them, and with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas to connect them together and form them into a little TALE, *which is here ſubmitted to the Reader's candour.*

One ſmall fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy ſhrine
My true love thou didſt ſee.

And how ſhould I know your true love,
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and ſtaff,
And by his ſandal ſhoone ‡.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were ſo fair to view;
His flaxen locks that ſweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green graſs turfe,
And at his heels a ſtone.

Within

‡ *Theſe are the diſtinguiſhing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle ſhells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their pilgrimage. Warb. Shakeſp. Vol. 8. p. 224.*

Within theſe holy cloyſters long
He languiſht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didſt thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of ſtone!

O weep not, lady, weep not ſoe;
Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My ſorrow now reprove;
For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy ſad loſſe,
I'll evermore weep and ſigh;
For thee I only wiſht to live,
For thee I wiſh to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy ſorrowe is in vaine:
For, violets pluckt the ſweeteſt ſhowers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt?
Since grief but aggravates thy loſſe,
Grieve not for what is paſt.

O ſay not ſoe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, ſay not ſoe:
For ſince my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears ſhould flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the roſe,
The comlieſt youth was he:—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on ſea and one on land,
To one thing conſtant never.

Hadſ

Hadſt thou been fond, he had been falſe,
And left thee ſad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since ſummer trees were leafy.

Now ſay not ſo, thou holy friar,
I pray thee ſay not ſoe:
My love he had the trueſt heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didſt thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

But firſt upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiſs the green-graſs turf,
That wraps his breathleſs clay.

Yet ſtay, fair lady; reſt awhile
Beneath this cloyſter wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O ſtay me not, thou holy friar;
O ſtay me not I pray:
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can waſh my fault away.

Yet ſtay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry thoſe pearly tears;
For ſee beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeleſs love,
Theſe holy weeds I fought;
And here amid theſe lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace ‡
Is not yet paſt away,
Might I ſtill hope to win thy love,
No longer would I ſtay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart:
For ſince I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

‡ *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS, &c.

SERIES THE FIRST. BOOK III.

I. THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of CHEVY CHACE. *The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford*

an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predeceſſor, and where he has fallen ſhort of him. For tho' he has every where improved the verſification, and generally the ſentiment and diction: yet ſome few paſſages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at leaſt the obſoleteneſs of the ſtile ſerves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for inſtance, the cataſtrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expreſt in terms which never fail at preſent to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related in a plain and pathetic ſimplicity, that is liable to no ſuch unlucky effect: See the ſtanza in pag. 14. which in modern orthography, &c. would run thus,

"For Witherington my heart is woe,
"That ever he ſlain ſhould be:
"For when his legs were hewn in two,
"He knelt and fought upon his knee."

So again the ſtanza which deſcribes the fall of Montgomery is ſomewhat more elevated in the ancient copy,

"The dint it was both ſad and ſore,
"He on Montgomery ſet:
"The ſwan-feathers his arrow bore
"With his hearts blood were wet." p. 13.

We might alſo add, that the circumſtances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the ſeveral incidents more diſtinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient Engliſh weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottiſh warriours chiefly depended on the uſe of the ſpear: this characteriſtic difference never eſcapes our ancient bard, whoſe deſcription of the firſt onſet, (p. 9.) is to the following effect.

"The

"The propoſal of the two gallant earls to determine the diſpute by ſingle combat being over-ruled: the Engliſh, ſays he, who ſtood with their bows ready bent, gave a general diſcharge of their arrows, which ſlew ſeven ſcore ſpearmen of the enemy: but notwithſtanding ſo ſevere a loſs, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as ſoon as the Engliſh had diſcharged the firſt volley, bore down upon them with their ſpears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to cloſe fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourſe to their ſwords, and there followed ſo ſharp a conflict, that multitudes on both ſides loſt their lives." *In the midſt of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a ſpirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley enſues, that would do honour to Homer himſelf.*

Nothing can be more pleaſingly diſtinct and circumſtantial than this: whereas the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confuſed and obſcure. Indeed the original words ſeem here to have been totally miſunderſtood. "*Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the* BENT," *evidently ſignifies,* "*yet the earl Douglas abides in the* "FIELD:" *Whereas the more modern bard ſeems to have underſtood by* BENT, *the inclination of his mind, aud accordingly runs quite off from the ſubject,*

"*To drive the deer with hound and horn*
"*Earl Douglas had the bent.*" *p.* 109.

ONE may alſo obſerve a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the concluſion of his tale he repreſents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: tho' he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the ſmaller number.

"*Of fifteen hundred archers of England*
"*Went away but fifty and three,*
"*Of twenty hundred ſpearmen of Scotland,*
"*But even five and fifty.*" *p.* 14.

He

He attributes FLIGHT *to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as Engliſh. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to* FLEE; *ſome reviſer of North Britain has turned his own arms againſt him, and printed an Edition at Glaſgow, in which the lines are thus tranſpoſed,*

> " *Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears*
> " *Went hame but fifty three:*
> " *Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen*
> " *Scarce fifty five did flee.*"

And to countenance this change he has ſuppreſſed the two ſtanzas between ver. 241. *and ver.* 249. — *From this Edition I have reformed the Scottiſh names in pag.* 244. *which in the modern Engliſh ballad appeared to be corrupted.*

When I call the preſent admired ballad modern, I only mean thot it is comparatively ſo, for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear, nor yet does it ſeem to be older than the latter end of her reign. Sir Philip Sidney when he complains of the antiquated phraſe of CHEVY CHACE, *could never have ſeen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himſelf uſed. It is probable that the encomiums of ſo admired a writer excited ſome bard to reviſe the ballad, and to free it from thoſe faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phraſe* DOLEFUL DUMPS: *which in that age carried no ill ſound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have ſeen it paſs uncenſured in a ſonnet that was at that time in requeſt, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the leaſt exceptionable: ſee above p.* 164, 5: *Yet in about half a century after, it was become burleſque. See Hudibras, Pt.* 1. *c.* 3. *v.* 95.

THIS *much premiſed, the reader that would ſee the general beauties of this ballad ſet in a juſt and ſtriking light may conſult the excellent criticiſm of Mr. Addiſon.*† *With regard to*

† *In the Spectator. N°.* 70. 74.

its

its subject: it has already been considered in page 3d. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759. *p.* 165. *Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "* with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:" *but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scots Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "* some *"* hurt was done, tho' he had given especiall order that they *"* should shed as little blood as possible." *They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.*

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter.—In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy Chace into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal dignity, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685. 8vo.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummers days to take;

The cheefeſt harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
Theſe tydings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who ſent Earl Percy preſent word,
He wold prevent his ſport.
The Engliſh earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods reſort;

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aime their ſhafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the fallow-deere:
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes ſlaine;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

The bow-men muſtered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backſides all, with ſpeciall care,
That day were guarded ſure.

The hounds ran ſwiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho ſhrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This day to meete me heere:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer wold I ſtay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earle did ſay;

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh ſpeares
All marching in our ſight;

All

All men of pleaſant Tivydale,
Faſt by the river Tweede:
Then ceaſe your ſport, Earl Percy ſaid,
And take your bowes with ſpeede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horſebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man,
With him to break a ſpeare.

Earl Douglas on a milke-white ſteede
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of his company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold:

Show me, ſayd he, whoſe men you bee,
That hunt ſoe boldly heere,
That, without my conſent, doe chaſe
And kill my fallow-deere?

The man that firſt did anſwer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who ſayd, We liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men wee bee:

Yet

Yet will wee ſpend our deereſt blood,
Thy cheefeſt harts to ſlay.
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemne oathe,
And thus in rage did ſay,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two ſhall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy ſoe am I.

But truſt me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy ſayd,
By whome this is denyed.

Then ſtept a gallant ſquire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who ſaid, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for ſhame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I ſtood looking on.
You bee two earls, ſayd Witherington,
And I a ſquire alone:

Ile doe the beſt that doe I may,
While I have power to ſtand:
While I have pow'r to weeld my ſword.
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our Engliſh archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew;
At the firſt flight of arrowes ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,
Their ſpeares to ſhivers went.

They clos'd full faſt on everye ſide,
Noe ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O Chriſt! it was a griefe to ſee,
And likewiſe for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

At laſt theſe two ſtout earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruell fight:

They

They fought untill they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temper'd ſteele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas ſayd;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottiſh king:

Thy ranſome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious knight,
That ever I did ſee.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe ſcorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yet was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtrucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never ſpoke more words then theſe,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy ſees my fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed,
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure, a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.

A knight amongſt the Scotts there was,
Which ſaw Earl Douglas dye,
Who ſtreight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a ſpeare moſt bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And paſt the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And thro' Earl Percy's body then
He thruſt his hatefull ſpeare;

With ſuch a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The ſpeare went through the other ſide
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So

So thus did both theſe nobles dye,
Whoſe courage none cold ſtaine:
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was ſlaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Againſt Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the ſhaft he ſett,
The grey gooſe-wing that was thereon,
In his hearts blood was wett.

This fight did laſt from breake of day,
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel ſcarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy, there was ſlaine
Sir John of Ogerton *,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barón:

And with Sir George and ſtout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was ſlaine,
Whoſe proweſſe did ſurmount.

* *The names here ſeem to be corrupted from the old Copy.*

For Witherington needs muſt I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes *;
For when his leggs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his ſtumpes.

And with Earl Douglas, there was ſlaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His ſiſters ſonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved cold not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like caſe
Did with Earl Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottiſh ſperes,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Engliſh men,
Went home but fifty-three;
The reſt were ſlaine in Chevy-Chaſe,
Under the green woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their huſbands to bewayle;

They

* *i. e.* "I, *as one in deep concern, muſt lament.*" *The conſtruction here has generally been miſunderſtood.*

They waſht their wounds in briniſh teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did rayne,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenlye
Was with an arrow ſlaine:

O heavy newes, King James did ſay,
Scotland can witneſſe bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of ſuch account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was ſlaine in Chevy-Chaſe:

Now God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith it will no better bee;
I truſt I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yett ſhall not Scotts nor Scotland ſay,
But I will vengeance take,

I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's ſake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were ſlayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the reſt, of ſmall account,
Did many thouſands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chaſe,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God ſave the king, and bleſs this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

II.

DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST.

Theſe fine moral ſtanzas were originally intended for a ſolemn funeral ſong in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulyſſes:" no date, 8vo. —— Shirley flouriſhed as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Reſtoration. His death happened Oct. 29. 1666. Æt. 72.

This

This little poem was written long after many of thoſe that follow, but is inſerted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece.

THE glories of our blood and ſtate
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no armour againſt fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt be equal made
With the poor crooked ſcythe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
And plant freſh laurels where they kill;
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early or late
They ſtoop to fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads muſt come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in the duſt.

III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The ſubject of this ballad is the great Northern Inſurrection in the 12*th year of Elizabeth,* 1569; *which proved ſo fatal to Thomas Percy the ſeventh earl of Northumberland.*

There had not long before been a ſecret negotiation entered into between ſome of the Scottiſh and Engliſh nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a priſoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the proteſtant religion. This match was propoſed to all the moſt conſiderable of the Engliſh nobility, and among the reſt to the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmorland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it ſeemed to promiſe a ſpeedy and ſafe concluſion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all readily conſented to it, provided it ſhould prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leiceſter (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and ſhe was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with ſeveral of his friends, was committed to the tower, and ſummons were ſent to the Northern Earls inſtantly to make their appearance at court. It is ſaid that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himſelf whether he ſhould not obey the meſſage, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into deſperate meaſures by a ſudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, *that a party of his enemies were come to ſeize on his perſon* †. *The Earl was then*

† *This circumſtance is over-looked in the ballad.*

then at his houſe at Topcliffe in Yorkſhire. When riſing haſtily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Weſtmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them and preſſed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly ſet up their ſtandards, declaring their intent was to reſtore the ancient religion, to remove evil counſellers from the queen, and cauſe juſtice to be done to the D. of Norfolk, and other lords in priſon. Their common banner ‡ *(on which was diſplayed the croſs, together with the five wounds of Chriſt) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Eſq. of Norton-conyers: who with his ſons (among whom, Chriſtopher, Marmaduke and Thomas, are expreſsly named by Camden) diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion. Having entered Durham and cauſed maſs to be ſaid there, they marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherbye, where they muſtered their men. Their intention was to have marched to York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnards caſtle, which Sir George Bowes held out againſt them for eleven days. The two earls, who ſpent their large eſtates in hoſpitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were maſters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Weſtmoreland nothing at all for the ſubſiſtence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at firſt intended. In theſe circumſtances, Weſtmoreland began ſo viſibly to deſpond that many of his men ſlunk away, tho' Northumberland ſtill kept up his reſolution, and was maſter of the field till December 13. when the Earl of Suſſex, accompanied with Lord Hunſden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a ſtill larger army under the command of Ambroſe Dudley Earl of Warwick, the inſurgents retreated northwards, towards the borders, and there diſmiſſing their followers, made their eſcape into Scotland. Tho' this inſurrection*

‡ *Beſides this, the ballad mentions the ſeparate banners of the two noblemen.*

ſurrection had been ſuppreſſed with ſo little bloodſhed, the Earl of Suſſex and Sir George Bowes, marſhall of the army, put vaſt numbers to death by martial law, without any regular tryal. The former of theſe cauſed at Durham ſixty three conſtables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boaſt that for ſixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcaſtle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed ſome of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practiſed in the Weſt after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderneſs and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Carte and Rapin; it agrees in moſt particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of ſome northern minſtrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained conſiderable variations, out of which ſuch readings were choſen as ſeemed moſt poetical and conſonant to hiſtory.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and liſten unto mee,
And I will ſing of a noble earle,
The nobleſt earle in the north countrìe.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladìe: ‡
I heare a bird ſing in mine eare,
That I muſt either fight, or flee.

Now

‡ *This lady was Anne daughter of Henry Somerſet E. of Worceſter.*

Now heaven forefend, my deareſt lord,
That e'er ſuch harm ſhould hap to thee:
But goe to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honeſtìe.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas! thy counſell ſuits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail ſo faſt,
That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of ſubtiltìe;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee ſee.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, ſhe ſayes,
And I myſelfe will goe wi' thee:
At court then for my deareſt lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
Far lever had I loſe my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and ſtrife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To maiſter Norton thou muſt goe
In all the haſte that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And ſay that earneſtly I praye,
He will ryde in my companìe.

One while the little footpage went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little footpage never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he knelt upon his knee;
Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,
And ſends this letter unto thee.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He ſayd, Come thither, Chriſtopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou ſeemſt to bee;
What doeſt thou counſell me, my ſonne,
Now that good earle's in jeopardy?

Father,

Father, my counſelle's fair and free;
That earle he is a noble lord,
And whatſoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Chriſtopher, my ſonne,
Thy counſell well it liketh mee,
And if we ſpeed and ſcape with life,
Well advanced thou ſhalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good ſonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will ſtand by that good earle and mee?

Eight of them did anſwer make,
Eight of them ſpake haſtilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
We'll ſtand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
You ſhowe yourſelves right bold and brave;
And whetherſoe'er I live or dye,
A fathers bleſſing you ſhal have.

But what ſayſt thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldeſt ſonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breaſt,
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father,

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray,
It were a ſhame at theſe your yeares
For you to ryſe in ſuch a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedſt this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make ſoe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee,
And he that ſtrikes againſt the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then roſe that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The earle of Weſtmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they muſtred their hoſt,
Thirteen thouſand faire to ſee.

Lord Weſtmorland his ancyent raiſde,
The dun bull he rays'd on hye,
Three dogs with golden collars brave
Were there ſett out moſt royallye.

Earl Percy there his ancyent ſpred,
The halfe moone ſhining all ſoe faire:
The Nortons ancyent had the croſſe,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he ſtraitwaye roſe,
After them ſome ſpoyle to make:
Thoſe noble earles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his caſtle fled,
To Barnard caſtle then fled hee.
The uttermoſt walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them preſentlie.

The uttermoſt walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them ſoon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermoſt walles,
For they were cut in rocke of ſtone.

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the ſpeede that ever may bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the ryſing in the North countrie.

Her grace ſhe turned her round about,
And like a royall queene ſhe ſwore, ‡
I will ordayne them ſuch a breakfaſt,
As never was in the North before.

‡ *This is quite in character: her majeſty would ſometimes ſwear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.*

She caus'd thirty thouſand men be rays'd,
With horſe and harneis faire to ſee,
She cauſed thirty thouſand men be raiſed,
To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

Wi' them the falſe Earle Warwick went,
Th' earle Suſſex and the lord Hunſden;
Untill they to Yorke caſtle came
I wiſs, they never ſtint ne blan.

Now ſpread thy ancyent, Weſtmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we ſpye:
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now rayſe thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vaniſhed away:
The Earles though they were brave and bold,
Againſt ſoe many could not ſtay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good ſonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not ſave,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherleſſe,
And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.— All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, *grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.*

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; *when James Douglas Earl of Morton, being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks, "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England*

had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendſhip, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable deſtruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertſon's Hiſt.

So far hiſtory coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by ſome northern bard, ſoon after the event. The interpoſal of the WITCH-LADY *(v. 53) is probably his own invention: yet even this hath ſome countenance from hiſtory; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, ſiſter of the earl of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had ſuffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is preſumed, is the lady alluded to, in verſe* 133.

The following is printed (like the former) from two copies: one of them in the Editor's folio MS: Which alſo contains another ballad on the eſcape of the E. of Weſtmoreland, who got ſafe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

HOW long ſhall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long ſhall I in bale abide,
In miſery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliſs, alas the while!
It was my ſore and heavye lott:
And I muſt leave my native land,
And I muſt live a man forgot.

One gentle Armſtrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border ſide,
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had loſt the day.

But when he to the Armſtrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouſlye,
For they did ſtrip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye.

Falſe Hector to Earl Murray ſent,
To ſhew him where his gueſt did hide;
Who ſent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouſlie:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou ſhalt ſafelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day;
To the regent || the lord warden † ſent,
That banniſht earle for to betray.

|| *James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, Nov.* 24. 1572.
† *Of one of the Engliſh marches. Lord Hunſden.*

He offered him great ſtore of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to ſee:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that baniſht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the ſupper ſate
With many a goodly gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then beſpake,
And thus to flyte with him began:

What makes you be ſo ſad, my lord,
And in your mind ſo ſorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a ſhootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countryè.

The butts are ſett, the ſhooting's made,
And there will be great royaltìe:
And I am ſworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my Lord Percìe.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,
I will ride in thy companìe.

And then beſpake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name:
You ſhall bide here, good Engliſh lord,
My brother is a traiterous maid.

He is a traitor ſtout and ſtrong,
As I tell you in privitìe:
For he has tane liverance of the earle ‡,
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all Engländ,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a baniſht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I ſtill ſhall find him true and kind.

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce,
And friends again they wold never bee,
If they ſhold 'liver a baniſht earle
Was driven out of his own countrìe.

Alas! alas! my lord, ſhe ſayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorìe;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
And tell thoſe Engliſh lords from thee.

How that you cannot with him ride,
Becauſe you are in an iſle of the ſea †,

‡ *Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.*
† *i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the ſea.*

Then ere my brother come againe
To Edinbrow caſtle || Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will loſe both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woé, Lord Percy ſayd,
When I thinke on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have ſuffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy ſayd,
And ſore thoſe wars my minde diſtreſſe;
Where many a widow loſt her mate,
And many a child was fatherleſſe.

And now that I a baniſht man,
Shold bring ſuch evil happe with mee,
To cauſe my faire and noble friends
To be ſuſpect of treacherie.

This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Then thinke a Douglas can be falſe,
Or ever will his gueſt betray.

|| *At that time in the hands of the oppoſite faction.*

If you'll give me no truſt, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet ſtep one moment here aſide,
Ile ſhowe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honoure, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourſelfe, my lorde,
Yet ſend your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but ſpeak three words with him,
And he ſhall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
She ſhowed him through the weme of her ring
How many Engliſh lords there were
Waiting for his maſter and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallyè on yonder greene?
O yonder is the lord Hunſdèn †:
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes ſo proudly him beſide?

† *The Lord Warden of the Eaſt marches.*

That is Sir William Drury ‖, ſhe ſayd,
A keen captàine he is and tryed.

How many miles is it, madàme,
Betwixt yond Engliſh lords and mee?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To ſayl to them upon the ſea.

I never was on Engliſh ground,
Ne never ſawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it ſheweth mee,
And through my ring I may deſcrye.

My mother ſhe was a witch ladye,
And of her ſkille ſhe learned mee,
She wold let me ſee out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citìe.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with ſic an auſterne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foſter †, quoth ſhee,
Alas! he'll do ye ſore diſgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Thoſe ſorrowfull tidings him to ſhow.

Now

‖ *Governor of Berwick.*
† *Warden of the Middle march.*

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladìe:
The Douglaſſes were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove falſe to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The moſt part of theſe years three,
And I have never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold ſee.

Therefore I'll to yond ſhooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er ſhall find my promiſe light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that faire ladìe:
Sayes, It was all that I cold ſave,
In Harley woods where I cold bee *.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honeſtìe;
And farewell heart and farewell hand;
For never more I ſhall thee ſee.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the ſaylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then

* *i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.*

Then he caſt up a ſilver wand,
  Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!
The lady fett a ſigh ſoe deepe,
  And in a dead ſwoone down ſhee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he ſayd,
  A ſickneſs hath taken yond faire ladìe;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
  Then blamed for ever I ſhall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he ſayes;
  Come on, come on, and let her bee:
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
  For to chear that gay ladìe.

If you'll not turne yourſelf, my lord,
  Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
  And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he ſayes,
  Come on, come on, and let her bee:
My ſiſter is crafty, and wold beguile
  A thouſand ſuch as you and mee.

When they had ſayled ‡ fifty mile,
  Fifty mile upon the ſea;

He

‡ *There is no navigable ſtream between Lough-leven and the ſea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to underſtand Geography.*

He ſent his man to aſk the Douglas,
When they ſhold that ſhooting ſee.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is ſeen:
You may hap to think it ſoon enough,
Ere you that ſhooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Earle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas ſayd.

Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord;
Nor therfore let thy courage fail:
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To ſee if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty ſayld,
Other fifty mile upon the ſea,
Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himſelfe,
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horſe goe ſwift as ſhip at ſea:
Looke that your ſpurres be bright and ſharp,
That you may prick her while ſhe'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he ſayd?
What needeſt thou to flyte with mee?

For

For I was counted a horſeman good
Before that ever I met with thee.

A falſe Hector he hath my horſe,
Who dealt with mee ſo treacherouſlie;
A falſe Armſtrong he hath my ſpurres,
And all the geere that belongs to mee.

When they had ſayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the ſea:
They landed him at Berwick towne,
The Douglas landed Lord Percie.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a ſorrowful ſight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

V.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philoſophical ſong appears to have been famous in the ſixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonſon in his play of "Every man out of his humour," firſt acted in 1599. *A.* 1. *ſc.* 1. *where an impatient perſon ſays*

"I am no ſuch pil'd cynique to beleeve
"That beggery is the onely happineſse,
"Or, with a number of theſe patient fooles,

"To

" To ſing, " My minde to me a kingdome is,"
" When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."

It is printed from two ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inſcribed " A ſweet and pleaſant ſonet, entituled, " My Minde to me a King-" dom is. To the tune of, In Crete, &c."

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
Such perfect joye therein I find,
As farre exceeds all earthly bliſſe
That world affords, or growes by kind *;
Though much I want that moſt men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay,
I ſeek no more than may ſuffice,
I preſs to bear no haughty ſway,
Looke what I lacke my mind ſupplies:
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plenty ſurfeits oft,
And haſty climbers oft do fall;
I ſee how thoſe that ſit aloft,
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all;
They get, they toyle, they ſpend with care,
Such cares my mind could never beare.

I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;

* *i. e. is beſtowed by nature.*

No worldly wave my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is anothers paine † :
I feare no foe, I ſcorne no friend,
I dread no death, I feare no end.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave,
I little have, yet ſeek no more ;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little ſtore :
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

My wealth is health and perfect eaſe,
My conſcience clear my chiefe defence,
I never ſeek by bribes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence :
Loe thus I live, thus will I die,
Would all did ſo as well as I.

No princely pompe, no wealthy ſtore,
No force to get the victory,
No wily wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to win a lovers eye :
To none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind deſpiſeth all.

I joy

† *i. e. I endure what gives another pain.*

I joy not at an earthly bliſse,
I weigh not Creſus' wealth a ſtraw;
For care, I care not what it is,
I fear not fortunes fatall law:
My mind is ſuch as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wiſh not what I have at will,
I wander not to ſeek for more,
I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
In greateſt ſtorme I ſit on ſhore,
And laugh at thoſe that toile in vaine
To get that muſt be loſt again.

I kiſs not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine no love where moſt I hate,
I breake no ſleep to winne my will,
I waite not at the mighties gate,
I ſcorne no poor, I fear no rich,
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worſt of all,
The golden meane betwixt them both,
Doth ſureſt ſit, and fears no fall:
This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The following tale is found in an ancient poem intitled ALBION'S ENGLAND, *written by* W. WARNER, *a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, tho' his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol. 2. p.* 231, 232.

Altho' the following ſtanzas are printed from an edition in 1602, *yet "The firſt and ſecond Parts of Albion's England, "&c." made their appearance in* 1589, 4*to*; *and were reprinted in* 1597, *under the title of "Albion's England*; *a "continued hiſtorie of the ſame kingdom," &c.* 4*to. See Ames's Typograph. where is preſerved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled,* "WARNER'S PO-"ETRY" *printed in* 1586, 12*mo. and reprinted in* 1602.

It is proper to premiſe, that the following lines were not written by the Author in ſtanzas, but in long Alexandrines of 14 *ſyllables*; *which the narrowneſs of our page made it here neceſſary to ſubdivide.*

IMpatience chaungeth ſmoke to flame,
But jelouſie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd
Ill huſbands to live well:
As did the lady of an earle,
Of whom I now ſhall tell.

An

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and lived long
Full true to his fayre counteſſe; yet
At laſt he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
Long faſting, and the heat
Did houſe him in a peakiſh graunge
Within a foreſt great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And perſons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were ſet him on the borde.

A cuſhion made of liſts, a ſtoole
Halfe backed with a hoope,
Were brought him, and he ſitteth down
Beſides a ſorry coupe.

The poore old couple wiſht their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in ruſſet neatly clad,
With linen white as ſwanne,
Herſelfe more white, ſave roſie where
The ruddy colour ranne:

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter ſturres to ſee
That all were feat and well ;
The earle did marke her, and admire
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
And held him at a feaſt :
But as his hunger ſlacked, ſo
An amorous heat increaſt.

When this repaſt was paſt, and thanks,
And welcome too ; he ſayd
Unto his hoſt and hoſteſſe, in
The hearing of the mayd :

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
Of this, and many townes ;
I alſo know that you be poore,
And I can ſpare you powndes.

Soe will I, ſo yee will conſent,
That yonder laſſe and I
May bargaine for her love ; at leaſt,
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it ? nay who dares
Into my doings pry ?

First they miſlike, yet at the length
For lucre were miſled;
And then the gameſome earle did wowe
The damſell for his bed.

He tooke her in his armes, as yet
So coyiſh to be kiſt,
As mayds that know themſelves belov'd,
And yieldingly reſiſt.

In few, his offers were ſo large
She laſtly did conſent;
With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occaſion oftentimes
In ſuch a ſort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often miſt,
Contràry to his wont,

And laſtly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewhere;
It greev'd her not a little, though
She ſeem'd it well to beare.

And thus ſhe reaſons with herſelfe,
Some fault perhaps in me;
Somewhat is done, that ſo he doth:
Alas! what may it be?

How may I winne him to myſelfe?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke, †
Although hee now were chaſte;
A man controuled of his wife,
To her makes leſſer haſte.

If dutie then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make
My ſelfe for daliance trim.

So was ſhe, and ſo lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet ſtill he loves his leiman, and
Did ſtill purſue that game,
Suſpecting nothing leſs, than that
His lady knew the ſame:
Wherefore to make him know ſhe knew,
She this deviſe did frame:

When

† *To* CHECK *is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk ſtops and turns away from his proper purſuit: To* CHECK *alſo ſignifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verſe uſed in both ſenſes.*

When long ſhe had been wrong'd, and ſought
The foreſaid meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the ſimple graunge
But with a ſlender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie houſhold knowing her,
Did wiſh themſelves without her;
Yet, for ſhe looked merily,
The leſſe they did miſdoubt her.

When ſhe had ſeen the beauteous wench
(Than bluſhing fairnes fairer)
Such beauty made the counteſſe hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at ſuch a bait?
Thought ſhe: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt;
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarſe one in twenty that had brag'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of ſuch yeelding beautie baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought ſhe: and ſhe thus declares
Her cauſe of coming thither,

My lord, oft hunting in theſe partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your houſe;
I thanke you for the ſame;
For why? it doth him jolly eaſe
To lie ſo neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
Beſeeming ſuch a gueſt,
I bring his owne, and come myſelfe
To ſee his lodging dreſt.

With that two ſumpters were diſcharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al ſuch turn ſhould have.

When all was handſomly diſpos'd,
She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair:

And, Damſell, quoth ſhee, for it ſeemes
This houſhold is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefely reſt on thee;

Do me that good, elſe would to God
He hither come no more.

So

So tooke ſhe horſe, and ere ſhe went
Beſtowed gould good ſtore.

Full little thought the countie that
His counteſſe had done ſo,
Who now return'd from far affaires
Did to his ſweet-heart go.

No ſooner ſat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew thoſe goods to be
His proper goods; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The counteſſe was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke;
Sir, welcome home (quoth ſhee); this night
For you I did not looke.

Then did he queſtion her of ſuch
His ſtuffe beſtowed ſoe.
Forſooth, quoth ſhe, becauſe I did
Your love and lodging knowe:

Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing leſſe;

I held it for your health, the houſe
More decently to dreſſe.

Well wot I, notwithſtanding her,
Your lordſhip loveth me;
And greater hope to hold you ſuch
By quiet, then brawles, ‘ you’ ſee.

Then for my dutie, your delight,
And to retaine your favour,
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted ’haviour.

Her patience, witte and anſwer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kiſſing her a ſcore of times)
Amend, ſweet wife, I ſhall:
He ſaid, and did it; ‘ ſo each wife
‘ Her huſband may’ recall.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTYES.

The author and date of this little ſonnet are unknown.

’Tis

'Tis printed from a written copy, which had all the marks of great antiquity.

YOU meaner beutyes of the night,
Which poorely ſatiſsfy our eyes,
More by your number then your light,
Like common people of the ſkyes;
What are yee, when the moon doth riſe?

Yee violets, that firſt appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the ſpring were all your owne;
What are yee when the roſe is blown?

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes,
Thinking your paſſions underſtood
By weak accènts: What is your praiſe
When Philomel her voyce ſhall raiſe?

So when my miſtris ſhall be ſeen
In ſweetneſſe of her looks, and minde;
By vertue firſt, then choyce a queen;
Tell mee if ſhee was not deſignde
The eccliſpe and glory of her kinde?

VIII.

DOWSABELL.

The following ſtanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, *a poet of ſome eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles* ‡. *They are inſerted in one of his Paſtorals, the firſt edition of which bears this whimſical Title.* "*Idea. The Shepheards Garland,* "*faſhioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands ſacrifice to the nine* "*muſes. Lond.* 1593." 4*to. They are inſcribed with the Author's name at length* "*To the noble and valerous gentle-*"*man maſter Robert Dudley, &c.* "*It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the firſt folio Edit. of his works,* 1619, *he had given thoſe Eclogues ſo thorough a reviſal that there is hardly a line to be found the ſame as in the old Edition. This poem had received the feweſt corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds,*

Liſten to mee, my lovely ſhepheards joye,
And thou ſhalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The Author has profeſſedly imitated the ſtyle and metre of ſome of the old metrical Romances; particularly that of SIR ISENBRAS †, (*alluded to in v.* 3.) *as the reader may judge from the following ſpecimen:*

Lordynges,

‡ *He was born in* 1563, *and died in* 1631. *Biog. Brit.*
† *As alſo Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas. v.* 6.

Lordynges, lyſten, and you ſhal here, &c.

* * * * *

Ye ſhall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,
And doughtye of his dede:
His name was Syr Iſenbras,
Man nobler then he was
Lyved none with breade.
He was lyvely, large, and longe,
With ſhoulders broade, and armes ſtronge,
That myghtie was to ſe:
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym ſe,
For a gentyll knyght was he:
Harpers loved him in hall,
With other minſtrells all,
For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by Wyllyam Copland; *no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS copy of the ſame Romance containing the greateſt variations. They are probably two different tranſlations of ſome French Original.*

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Caſsement,
As bolde as Iſenbras:
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique ſtories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowſabel,
A mayden fayre and free:

And

And for ſhe was her fathers heire,
Full well ſhe was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curteſie.

The ſilke well couth ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke:
And ſhe couth helpe the prieſt to ſay
His mattins on a holy-day,
And ſing a pſalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beſeeme a mayden queene,
Which ſeemly was to ſee;
A hood to that ſo neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Y-wrought full featouſly.

Her features all as freſh above,
As is the graſſe that growes by Dove;
And lyth as laſſe of Kent.
Her ſkin as ſoft as Lemſter wooll,
As white as ſnow on Peakiſh Hull,
Or ſwanne that ſwims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime,
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get ſweete cetywall,
The honey-ſuckle, the harlocke,

The lilly and the lady-ſmocke,
To deck her ſummer hall.

Thus, as ſhe wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
She chanced to eſpie
A ſhepheard ſitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
And pip'd full merrilie.

He leard his ſheepe as he him liſt,
When he would whiſtle in his fiſt,
To feede about him round;
Whilſt he full many a carroll ſung,
Untill the fields and medowes rung,
And all the woods did ſound.

In favour this ſame ſhepheards ſwayne
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne*,
Which helde prowd kings in awe:
But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother ſlaw.

The ſhepheard ware a ſheepe-gray cloke,
Which was of the fineſt loke,
That could be cut with ſheere:

His

* *Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard". 1590. 8o. an old ranting play aſcribed to Marlowe.*

His mittens were of bauzens ſkinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
  His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
  His breech of coyntrie blewe:
Full criſpe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks:
  So like a lover true,

And pyping ſtill he ſpent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
  Which liked Dowſabel:
That would ſhe ought, or would ſhe nought,
This lad would never from her thought;
  She in love-longing fell.

At length ſhe tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her ſmocke,
  She drew the ſhepheard nye:
But then the ſhepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his ſheepe forſooke their foode,
  To heare his melodye.

Thy ſheepe, quoth ſhe, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly ſhepheards ſwayne,
  The which can pipe ſo well:

Yea

Yea but, ſayth he, their ſhepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowſabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth ſhe; looke thou unto thy ſheepe,
Leſt they ſhould hap to ſtray.
Quoth he, ſo had I done full well,
Had I not ſeene fayre Dowſabell
Come forth to gather maye.

With that ſhe gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roſes red,
But not a word ſhe ſayd:
With that the ſhepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth ſhe, I may not ſtay till night,
And leave my ſummer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.
My coate, ſayth he, nor yet my foulde
Shall neither ſheepe, nor ſhepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth ſhe, yet lever were I dead,
Then I ſhould loſe my mayden-head,
And all for love of men.

Sayth he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde,
As Colin was to Roſalinde,
Of curteſie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth ſhe,
As ever mayden yet might be
Unto her paramour.

With that ſhe bent her ſnow-white knee,
Downe by the ſhepheard kneeled ſhee,
And him ſhe ſweetely kiſt:
With that the ſhepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, ther's never ſhepheards boy
That ever was ſo bliſt.

IX.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intitled The Lover's Progreſs. A. 3. ſc. 1.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;
I am free again.
Thou dull diſeaſe of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,

Fly

Fly to fools, that ſigh away their time:
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne'er corrupt nor death deſtroy,
Immortal ſweetneſs by fair angels ſung,
And honoured by eternity and joy:
There lies my love, thither my hopes aſpire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

X.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

—affords a pretty poetical conteſt between Pleaſure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's triumph: a "paſtoral tragicomedie" written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623. — Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is ſaid to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619.

This little poem is the rather ſelected for a ſpecimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vol. 12mo. 1718.

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulyſſes come,
Poſſeſſe theſe ſhores with me,
The windes and ſeas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free.

Here may we ſit and view their toyle,
That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleepe.

ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leave ſuch toiles as theſe:
But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With danger ſeek it forth;
To ſpend the time luxurioufly
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulyſſes, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And reſts on others' fame.
Begotten only to moleſt
Our peace, and to beguile
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And give us up to toyle!

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, ſuppoſe there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manlineſſe would ſcorne to weare
The time in idle ſport:
For toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feele our joy;
And eaſe findes tediouſnes, as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle;
Which you forego to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diverſly,
Find never tedious day;
And eaſe may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toyles and dangers pleaſe;
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in eaſe;

And with the thought of actions paſt
  Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaves a touch at laſt
  To ſhew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cauſe,
  That's out of cuſtom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
  Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
  Our ſports are without blood;
The world we ſee by warlike wights
  Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the ſtate of things require
  Theſe motions of unreſt,
And theſe great ſpirits of high deſire
  Seeme borne to turn them beſt:
To purge the miſchiefes, that increaſe
  And all good order marr:
For oft we ſee a wicked peace,
  To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulyſſes, then I ſee
  I ſhall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
  And take my fortune there.
I muſt be wonne that cannot win,
  Yet loſt were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin
  T' undoo or be undone.

XI.

CUPID's PASTIME.

This beautiful poem, which poſſeſſes a claſſical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I, is printed from the 4th edition of Daviſon's poems, &c.* 1621. *It is alſo found in a later miſcellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'amour."* 1660. 8vo. *—Francis Daviſon, editor of the poems above referred to, was ſon of that unfortunate ſecretary of ſtate, who ſuffered ſo much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. Theſe poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himſelf, by his brother* [*Walter*], *who was a ſoldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by ſome dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the counteſs of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenſer, and other wits of thoſe times.*

* *See the full title in vol.* 2. *p.* 289.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miſcellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Eſq; but erroneouſly, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Daviſon's book was publiſhed in 1608. *Godolphin was born in* 1610, *and died in* 1642-3. *Ath. Ox. II.* 23.

IT chanc'd of late a ſhepherd ſwain,
That went to ſeek his ſtraying ſheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Eſpied a dainty nymph aſleep.

Her golden hair o'erſpred her face;
Her careleſs arms abroad were caſt;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breaſt lay bare to every blaſt.

The ſhepherd ſtood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durſt he do; nought durſt he ſay;
Whilſt chance, or elſe perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus ſees her ſleep,
Whom if ſhe wak't he durſt not ſee;
Behind her cloſely ſeeks to creep,
Before her nap ſhould ended bee.

There come, he ſteals her ſhafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer ſtay,
But, ere ſhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepherd ſtanding by:
Her bended bow in haſte ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwain lets flye.

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierc't his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he ſtart,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
She ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded ſtrength amidſt his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, ſhe blames her ſkill;
The bluntneſs of her ſhafts ſhe fears,
And try them on herſelf ſhe will.

Take heed, ſweet nymph, trye not thy ſhaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is ſmart.

Yet try ſhe will, and pierce ſome bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breaſt, that breaſt ſo rare,
That made the ſhepherd ſenſeleſs ſtand.

That breaſt ſhe pierc't; and through that breaſt
  Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come gueſt,
  Lord! how this gentle nymph did ſtart!

She runs not now; ſhe ſhoots no more;
  Away ſhe throws both ſhaft and bow:
She ſeeks for what ſhe ſhun'd before,
  She thinks the ſhepherds haſte too ſlow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
  What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love ſate on a tree,
  And laught that pleaſant ſight to ſee.

XII.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem is printed at the end of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife, &c. Lond. 1638." *It is alſo found in the volume, intitled, "Le prince d'amour.* 1660." *and in a ſmall collection of MS poems,* 4to. *in the editor's poſſeſſion. It is ſaid to be written "by Sir H. W." probably Sir* Henry Wotton, *who died provoſt of Eaton, in* 1639. *Æt.* 72.

HOW

HOW happy is he borne or taught,
That ſerveth not anothers will;
Whoſe armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſimple truth his higheſt ſkill:

Whoſe paſſions not his maſter are;
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreat;
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: Who never underſtood
How deepeſt wounds are given with praiſe,
Nor rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
His graces more then gifts to lend;
And entertaines the harmleſſe day
With a well-choſen booke or friend.

This man is freed from ſervile bands
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing yet hath all.

XIII. UN-

XIII.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful ſonnet is reprinted from a ſmall volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, *Eſq; one of the gentle-men of the privie-chamber, and ſewer in ordinary to his majeſty (Charles I). Lond.* 1640." *This elegant, and almoſt-forgotten writer, whoſe poems deſerve to be revived, died in the prime of his age, in* 1639.

In the original follows a third ſtanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a roſie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes theſe decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth and ſtedfaſt mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme deſires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where theſe are not I deſpiſe
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

XIV.

GILDEROY,

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the laſt century, if we may credit the hiſtories and ſtory-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But theſe ſtories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-ſtreet: At leaſt the GILDEROY, *who is the hero of Scottiſh Songſters, ſeems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thompſon's Orpheus Calidonius, vol. 2. 1733. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains ſome lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in theſe he is repreſented as contemporary with Mary Q. of Scots: ex. gr.*

"The Queen of Scots poſſeſſed nought,
"That my love let me want:
"For cow and ew he brought to me,
"And ein whan they were ſcant."

Thoſe lines perhaps might ſafely have been inſerted among the following ſtanzas, which are given from a written copy, that ſeems to have received ſome modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained ſome indecent luxuriances that required the pruning hook.

GIL-

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roſes tull his ſhoone,
His ſtockings were of ſilken ſoy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie ſight,
To ſee ſae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! ſike two charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn,
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding ſark of holland fine,
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time,
Among the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To ſtir in feates of ſtrife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
" My beniſon gang wi' thee!
God ſpeed the weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
My handſome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare:
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif

Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He mought hae baniſht been,
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſae white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy ſae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome Gilderoy.

* * *

XV. WINI-

XV.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful addreſs to conjugal love, a ſubject too much neglected by the libertine muſes, is printed in ſome modern collections as a tranſlation "from the ancient Britiſh lan-"guage;" how truly I know not. See the Muſical Miſcellany; vol. 6. 1731. 8vo.

AWAY; let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood?
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:
And all the great ones, they ſhall wonder
How they reſpect ſuch little folk.

What

What though from fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear them liſp their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

XVI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact that happened among the executions after the laſt rebellion in 1745: *it was written by the late* WILLIAM SHENSTONE, *Eſq; ſoon after the event, and has been printed among his poſthumous works,* 2 *vols.* 8*vo. It is here given from a MS copy, which contained ſome ſmall variations from that lately printed.*

COME liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor will you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid ſhe lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damſel came,
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtrife,
That led the faithful youth aſtray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear?
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So pale, nor yet ſo chill appear.

With faltering voice ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh Dawſon, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My oriſons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gives him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
  To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
  The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
  She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
  With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
  On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid thoſe unrelenting flames
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhow
The pure and laſting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds is due;
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale,
So ſad, ſo tender, and ſo true.

XVII.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

—was publiſhed in a ſmall collection of poems intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, *&c.* 1756. *written by an ingenious Phyſician near Bath, who choſe to conceal his name. The following contains ſome variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenſtone.*

WOKEY-HOLE *is a noted cavern in Somerſetſhire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful ſtories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickneſs of the gloom, cannot be diſcovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is croſt by a ſtream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of theſe are evident petrifactions; which on account of their ſingular forms, have given riſe to the fables alluded to in this poem.*

IN aunciente days tradition ſhowes
A baſe and wicked elfe aroſe,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On ſome long winter's night.

Deep

Deep in the dreary diſmall cell,
Which ſeem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends ſayne,
She choſe to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her ſide.

Here ſcreeching owls oft made their neſt,
While wolves its craggy ſides poſſeſt,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholeſome herb could here be found;
She blaſted every plant around,
And bliſter'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to ſee;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets ſung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er bleſt her longing armes:
And hence aroſe her ſpight to vex,
And blaſt the youth of either ſex,
By dint of helliſh charms.

From Glaſton came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell deſpight,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich miſchief never had been known,
And, ſince his mickle lerninge ſhown,
Sich miſchief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He croſt the water, bleſt the brooke,
Then—pater noſter done;
The ghaſtly hag he ſprinkled o'er;
When lo! where ſtood a hag before,
Now ſtood a ghaſtly ſtone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' paſſing ſtrange indeed the tale,
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to ſay, there's never a one,
That has not ſeen the witch in ſtone,
With all her houſehold gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curſe behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forſaken quite,
Tho' ſenſe and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For

For lo! even, as the fiend did ſay,
The ſex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous ſcant:
Here's beauty, wit, and ſenſe combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then ſich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be ſtone,
As thus forſaken dwell.
Since Glaſton now can boaſt no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye ſparks,
And, oh! revoke the ſpell.

Yet ſtay—nor thus deſpond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your ſex ſhall ſoon be bleſt agen,
We only wait to find ſich men,
As beſt deſerve your choice.

XVIII.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A West-Indian Ballad,

—is founded on a real fact, that happened in the iſland of St. Chriſtophers about two years ago. The editor owes the following

following ſtanzas to the friendſhip of Dr. JAMES GRAINGER*, *who was in the iſland when this tragical incident happened, and is now an eminent phyſician there. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine* ODE ON SOLITUDE *printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodſley's Miſcel. p.* 229. *in which are aſſembled ſome of the ſublimeſt images in nature. The reader will pardon the inſertion of the firſt ſtanza here, for the ſake of rectifying the two laſt lines, which ought to be corrected thus*

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the deſart's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra publiſhed by ſome late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were ſtruck at the firſt ſight of thoſe magnificent ruins by break of day †.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long

* *Author of a poem on the Culture of the* SUGAR-CANE *lately publiſhed.* † *So in pag.* 335. Turn'd her magic ray.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
  Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
  And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
  Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
  And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
  To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waſte:
  His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
  Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
  And ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
  Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dyes away,
  And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
  Ye fair, freſh flow'rets ſtrew,
So may your lovers ſcape his doom,
  Her hapleſs fate ſcape you.

XIX.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

Translated from the Spanish.

Although the Engliſh are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondneſs for theſe old ſimple rhapſodies of their anceſtors, than moſt other nations; they are not the only people who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by compoſitions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the higheſt merit. They call them in their language Romances, *and have collected them into volumes under the titles of* El Romancero, El Cancionero †, *&c. Moſt of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and diſplay a ſpirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spaniſh ballads, none exceed in poetical merit thoſe inſerted in a little Spaniſh "Hiſtory of the civil wars of Granada," deſcribing the diſſentions which raged in that laſt ſeat of Mooriſh empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella, in* 1491. *In this Hiſtory (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic ſongs are inſerted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the proſe narrative ſeems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illuſtrate theſe beautiful pieces.*

The Spaniſh editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are tranſlations from the Arabic or Moriſco language. Indeed the plain unadorned nature of the verſe, and the native ſimplicity of language and ſentiment, which runs through theſe poems, prove that they are ancient; or, at leaſt, that they were written before the Caſtillians began to form themſelves on the model of the Tuſcan poets, and had imported from Italy that fondneſs for conceit and refinement, which has for theſe two

† *i. e. The ballad-ſinger.*

two centuries paſt ſo miſerably infected the Spaniſh poetry, and rendered it ſo unnatural, affected, and obſcure.

As a ſpecimen of the ancient Spaniſh manner, which very much reſembles that of our old Engliſh Bards and Minſtrels, the Reader is deſired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a ſmall Collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor ſome years ago tranſlated for his amuſement when he was ſtudying the Spaniſh language. As the firſt is a pretty cloſe tranſlation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the ſame in all theſe old Spaniſh ſongs: and its plain unpoliſhed nature ſtrongly argues its great antiquity. It runs in ſhort ſtanzas of four lines, of which the ſecond and fourth alone correſpond in their terminations; and in theſe it is only required that the vowels ſhould be alike, the conſonants may be altogether different, as

pone	caſa	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Yet

'RIO verde, rio verde,
' Quanto cuerpo en ti ſe baña
' De Chriſtianos y de Moros
' Muertos por la dura eſpada!

' Y tus ondas criſtalinas
' De roxa ſangre ſe eſmaltan:
' Entre Moros y Chriſtianos
' Muy gran batalla ſe trava.

' Murieron Duques y Condes,
' Grandes ſeñores de ſalva:
' Murio gente de valia
' De la nobleza de Eſpaña.

' En

Yet has this kind of verſe a ſort of ſimple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleaſing to the ear. The ſame flow of numbers has been ſtudied in the following verſions. The firſt of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hiſt. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. *One of them hath the rhimes ending in* AA, *the other in* IA. *It is the former of theſe that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the ſame line,*

Rio verde, rio verde ‡,

which could not be tranſlated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected ſtiffneſs to the verſe; the great merit of which is its eaſy ſimplicity; and therefore a more ſimple epithet was adopted, though leſs poetical or expreſſive.

‡ *Literally*, Green river, green river.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy ſtreams are ſtain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd ſhore.

All beſide thy limpid waters,
All beſide thy ſands ſo bright,
Mooriſh Chiefs and Chriſtian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were ſlain:
Fatal banks that gave to ſlaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

‘ En ti murio don Alonſo,
‘ Que de Aguilar ſe llamaba ;
‘ El valeroſo Urdiales,
‘ Con don Alonſo acababa.

‘ Por un ladera arriba
‘ El buen Sayavedra marcha ;
‘ Naturel es de Sevilla,
‘ De la gente mas granada.

‘ Tras el iba un Renegado,
‘ Deſta manera le habla,
‘ Date, date, Sayavedra,
‘ No huyas de la Batalla.

‘ Yo te conozco muy bien,
‘ Gran tiempo eſtuve en tu caſa :
‘ Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
‘ Bien te vide jugar cañas.

‘ Conozco a tu padre y madre,
‘ Y a tu muger doña Clara ;
‘ Siete años fui tu cautivo,
‘ Malamente me tratabas.

‘ Y aora lo ſeras mio,
‘ Si Mahoma me ayudara ;
‘ Y tambien te tratare,
‘ Como a mi me tratabas.

‘ Say-

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearleſs Urdiales
Fell a victim by his ſide.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the ſquadrons ſlow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind a renegado
Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Doeſt thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the liſts of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know,
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wiſhes,
Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine:
Thou ſhalt drink that cup of ſorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

'Sayavedra que lo oyera,
'Al Moro bolvio la cara;
Tirole el Moro una flecha,
'Pero nunca le acertaba.

'Hiriole Sayavedra
'De una herida muy mala:
'Muerto cayo el Renegado
'Sin poder hablar palabra.

'Sayavedra fue cercado
'De mucha Mora canalla,
'Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
'De una muy mala lançada.

'Don Alonſo en eſte tiempo
'Bravamente peleava,
'Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
'Y le tiene por muralla.

'Mas cargaron tantos Moros
'Que mal le hieren y tratan:
'De la ſangre, que perdia,
'Don Alonſo ſe deſmaya.

'Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
'Al pie de un peña alta.——
'——Muerto queda don Alonſo,
'Eterna fama ganara.'

* * * * * *

Like a lion turns the warrior,
  Back he ſends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Mooriſh javelin,
  Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
  Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Inſtant ſunk the Renegado,
  Mute and lifeleſs on the ground.

With a thouſand Moors ſurrounded,
  Brave Saavedra ſtands at bay:
Wearied out but never daunted,
  Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
  Stout reſiſts the Paynim bands;
From his ſlaughter'd ſteed diſmounted,
  Firm intrench'd behind him ſtands.

Furious preſs the hoſtile ſquadron,
  Furious he repels their rage;
Loſs of blood at length infeebles:
  Who can war with thouſands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'erſhadows,
  Cloſe beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting ſunk the bleeding hero,
  And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * * *

*** *In the Spaniſh original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more ſtanzas. but being of inferior merit were not tranſlated.*

RENEGADO *properly ſignifies an apoſtate; but it is ſometimes uſed to expreſs an infidel in general; as it ſeems to do above in ver.* 21. *&c.*

The image of the LION, *&c. in ver.* 37. *is taken from the other Spaniſh copy, the rhimes of which end in* IA, *viz.*

'Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
'Como un leon rebolbia.'

XX.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing verſion was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compaſs hath been taken. The Spaniſh poem that was chiefly had in view, is preſerved in the ſame hiſtory of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22. *and begins with theſe lines,*

'Por la calle de ſu dama
'Paſſeando ſe anda, &c.'

SOFTLY

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame ſo pure:
Lovelieſt ſhe of Mooriſh ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and ſometimes ſlow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he ſighs with heart-felt care.——
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly ſteps the timorous fair.

Lovely ſeems the moon's fair luſtre
To the loſt benighted ſwain,
When all ſilvery bright ſhe riſes,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely ſeems the ſun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When ſome horrid ſtorm diſperſing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thouſand times more lovely
To her longing lover's ſight,
Steals half-ſeen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe ſtands the anxious lover,
Whiſpering forth a gentle ſigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to dye?

Is it true the dreadful ſtory,
Which thy damſell tells my page,
That ſeduc'd by ſordid riches
Thou wilt ſell thy youth to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy ſtern father brings along;
But canſt thou, inconſtant Zaida,
E'er conſent my love to wrong?

If it's true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the ſecret,
Which the world ſo clearly knows.

Deeply ſigh'd the conſcious maiden,
While the pearly tears deſcend:
Ah!

* Alla *is the Mahometan name of God.*

Ah! my lord, too true the ſtory;
Here our tender loves muſt end.

Our fond friendſhip is diſcover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of paſſion ſhake the houſe.

Threats, reproaches, fears ſurround me;
My ſtern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it coſts me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hoſtile fury
Long have rent our houſe and thine,
Why then did thy ſhining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou knowſt how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou knowſt what cruell chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've ſuffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may reſiſt them,
All, to force my hand combine;

And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I muſt reſign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can ſurvive ſo great a wrong,
Well my breaking heart aſſures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this ſcarf a parting token,
When thou wear'ſt it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, ſome worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth,
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

——To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus ſhe did her woes impart:
Deep he ſigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,
Do not: do not break my heart.

Canſt thou think I thus will loſe thee?
Canſt thou hold my love ſo ſmall?
No! a thouſand times I'll periſh!——
My curſt rival too ſhall fall.

Canſt thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!

This fond heart ſhall bleed to ſave thee,
  Theſe fond arms ſhall ſhelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
  Spies ſurround me, bars ſecure,
Scarce I ſteal this laſt dear moment,
  While my damſell keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father ſtorming!
  Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I muſt go: farewell for ever!
  Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottiſh words are denoted by s. *French by* f. *Latin by* l. *Anglo-ſaxon by* A..S. *Iſlandic by* Iſl. *&c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to* JUNIJ ETYMOLOGICON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. FOL.

If any words ſhould not occur here, they will be found in the Gloſſaries to the other Volumes.

A.

A', au. s. *all.*
A Twyde. *p.* 6. *of Tweed.*
Abacke. *back.*
Abone, aboon, aboone. s. *above.*
Abraide. *abroad.*
Acton. *p.* 47. *a kind of armour made of taffaty, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the habergeon to ſave the body from bruiſes.* f. Hocqueton.
Aft. s. *oft.*
Agayne. *againſt.*
Agoe. *gone.*
Ain, awin. s. *own.*
Al gife. *although.*
Alate. *p.* 88. *of late.*
An. *p.* 75. *and.*
Ane. s. *one, an.*
Ancyent. *ſtandard.*
Aras. *p.* 5. arros. *p.* 9. *arrows.*
Arcir. *p.* 75. *archer.*
Aſſinde. *aſſigned.*
Aſſoyl'd, aſſoyled. *abſolved.*
Aſtate. *eſtate.*
Aſtound. *p.* 184. aſtonyed. *ſtunned, aſtoniſhed, confounded.*
Ath. *p.* 6. athe. *p.* 9. *o' th', of the.*
Avoyd. *p.* 184. *void, vacate.*
Aureat. *golden.*
Auſterne. *p.* 264. *ſtern, auſtere.*

B.

Ba. s. *ball.*
Bacheleere, batchilere. *p.* 38, *&c. knight.*
Bairne. s. *child.*
Baith, s. bathe. *p.* 11. *both.*

Baile,

Baile, bale. *p.* 38. 79. *evil, hurt, miſchief, miſery.*
Balys bete. *p.* 17. *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
Band. *p.* 45. *bond, covenant.*
Bane. *p.* 11. *bone.*
Bar. *bare.*
Bar-hed. *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*
Barne. *p.* 7. berne. *p.* 22. *man, perſon.*
Baſe court. *p.* 89. *the lower court of a caſtle.*
Baſnete, baſnite, baſnyte, baſſonet, baſſonete. *helmet.*
Bauzeas ſkinne. *p.* 286. *tanned ſheep's ſkin.*
Be that. *p.* 6. *by that time.*
Bearing arow. *p.* 157. *an arrow that carries well.*
Bedight. *p.* 90. *bedecked.*
Bedyls. *beadles.*
Beheard. *beard.*
Beete. *did beat.*
Beforn. *before.*
Begylde. *beguiled, deceived.*
Behefts. *p.* 308. *commands, injunctions.*
Behove. *p.* 161. *behoof.*
Belyfe. *p.* 152. belive. *immediately.*
Bende-bow. *a bent bow. qu.*
Ben, bene. *been.*
Beniſon. *bleſſing.*
Bent. *p.* 5. bents. *p.* 39. (*where ruſhes grow*) *the field; fields.*
Benynge. *p.* 114. benigne. *benign, kind.*
Beſte. *beeſt, art.*
Beſtis. *beaſts.*
Beſtrawghted. *p.* 165. *diſtracted.*
Beth. *be, are.*

Bickarte. *p.* 5. bicker'd. *ſkirmiſhed.*
Bill, &c. *p.* 260. *I have delivered a promiſe in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
Blane. *p.* 12. blanne. *p.* 42. *did* blin. *i. e. ſtop.*
Blaw. s. *blow.*
Blaze. *to emblazon, diſplay.*
Blee. *colour, complexion.*
Bleid. s. blede. *bleed.*
Bliſt. *bleſſed.*
Blive. *p.* 85. belive. *immediately.*
Bloomed. *p.* 285. *beſet with bloom.*
Blude. *blood.* blude reid. s. *blood red.*
Bluid, bluidy. s. *blood, bloody.*
Blyve. *p.* 156. belive. *inſtantly.*
Boare. *bare.*
Bode. *p.* 110. *abode.*
Boltes. *ſhafts, arrows.*
Bomen. *p.* 5. *bow-men.*
Bonny, bonnie, bonnye. s. *comely.*
Boone. *p.* 91. *a gift, preſent.*
Boot, boote. *p.* 79. *advantage, help, aſſiſtance.*
Borrowe, borowe. *pledge, ſurety.*
Borowe. *p.* 139. *to redeem by a pledge.*
Borrowed. *p.* 31. *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*
Bot and. s. *p.* 102. *and alſo.*
Bot. *but.*
Bote. *boot, advantage.*
Bougill. s. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bounde, bowned. *prepared.*
Bowndes. *bounds.*
Bowne ye. *prepare ye.*

Bowne. *ready.* bowned *prepared.*
Bowre, *p.* 50. bower. *habitation: chamber, parlour. perhaps from Isl.* bouan *to dwell.*
Bowre-window. *chamber-window.*
Bowys. *bows.*
Braid. *s. broad, large.*
Brandes. *swords.*
Breere. *p.* 81. brere. *brian.*
Bred bannor. *bread bunner.*
Breech. *p.* 286. *breeches.*
Breeden bale. *breed mischief.*
Bring, bryng. *bring.*
Broad arrow. *an arrow with an edge.*
Brodinge. *pricking.*
Brooke. *p.* 16. *enjoy.*
Brooke. *p.* 270. *bear, endure.*
Prowd. *p.* 5. *broad.*
Brytlynge, *p.* 6. brytlyng. *p.* 7. *cutting up, quartering, carving.*
Bugle. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bushment. *p.* 111. *ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.*
Buske ye. *dress ye.*
Busket, buskt. *dressed.*
Buskt them. *p.* 111. *prepared themselves, made themselves ready.*
But if. *unless.*
Buttes. *buts to shoot at.*
By thre. *p.* 130. *of three.*
Bye. *p.* 139. *buy, pay for.* also abye. *suffer for.*
Byers, beere. *biers.*
Bydys. *bides, abides.*
Bylle. *p.* 6. bill. *an ancient kind of halbert, or battle ax.*
Byn, binc, bin. *been, be, are.*
Byrche. *birch-tree, birch-wood.*

C.

Calde, callyd. *p.* 8. *called.*
Can, cane. *p.* 27, 29. *'gan. p.* 26. *began to cry.*
Capull-hyde. *horse-hide.*
Carebed. *bed of care.*
Carpe of care. *p.* 15. *complain thro' care.*
Cast. *p.* 7. *mean, intend.*
Caytiffe. *p.* 41. caitif. *slave, despicable wretch.*
Cetywall. *p.* 284. setwall. *the herb valerian: also mountain spikenard. See Gerard's herbal.*
Chantecleere. *the cock.*
Chays. *p.* 7. *chace.*
Check. *to rate at.*
Check. *to stop.*
Child. *p.* 90. *knight.* children. *p.* 40. *knights. See Vol.* 3. *p.* 58.
Christentye. *p.* 64. christiantè. *christendome.*
Chyf, chyfe. *chief.*
Clawed. *tore, scratched. p.* 162. *figuratively, beat.*
Cleaped, cleped. *called, named.*
Clerke. *scholar.*
Coate. *cot, cottage.*
Cockers. *p.* 286. *probably the same as* startopes *in vol.* 2. *a kind of buskins.*
Collayne. *Cologn-steel.*
Comen, commen, commyn. *come.*
Confetered. *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*
Cordiwin. *p.* 286. cordwayne. *properly Spanish, or Cordovan leather:*

leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.
Corsiare. *p.* 12. *coursier.*
Cote. *cet, cottage. Item. coat.*
Coulde. *cold. Item. could.*
Cold be. *p.* 265. *was.* could dye. *p.* 29. *died. a phrase.*
Countie. *p.* 279. *count, earl.*
Coupe. *p.* 273. *a little pen for poultry.*
Couth. *could.*
Coyntrie. *p.* 286. *Coventry.*
Crage. *p.* 22. *cragg.*
Crancke. *sprightly, exulting.*
Credence. *belief.*
Crevis. *crevice, chink.*
Cricke. *p.* 172.
Cristes cors. *p.* 8. *Christ's curse.*
Crowch. *crutch (in p.* 162. *it ought perhaps to be* clowch. *clutch, grasp.)*
Cryance. *belief.* f. creance. *But in p.* 39, *&c. it seems to signify "fear."* f. crainte.
Cum. s. *come. p.* 10. *came.*

D.

Dampned. *condemned.*
De, dey, dy. *p.* 7. 15. 10. *die.*
Deepe-fette. *deep-fetched.*
Deid. s. dede. *deed. Item. dead.*
Deip. s. depe. *deep.*
Deir. s. deere, dere. *dear.*
Dell. *p.* 88. *deal.* every dell.
Denay. *deny. rhithmi gratia.*
Depured. *p.* 89. *pure, run clear.*
Descreeve. *describe.*
Dight. *decked, put on.*
Dill. *p.* 38. *dole, grief, pain.*— dill I drye. *p.* 38. *pain I suffer.* dill was dight. *p.* 36. *grief was upon him.*
Dint. *stroke, blow.*
Dis. *p.* 75. *this.*
Discust. *discussed.*
Dites. *ditties.*
Dochter. s. *daughter.*
Dole. *p.* 37. *grief.*
Doleful dumps. *p.* 165. 244. *sorrowful gloom.*
Dolours. *dolourous, mournful.*
Doth, dothe, doeth. *do.*
Doughte, doughete, doughetie, *doughty, formidable.*
Doughetie. *i. e. doughty man.*
Downae. s. *p.* 34. *cannot.*
Doute. *doubt. Item. fear.*
Doutted. *doubted, feared.*
Dois. s. doys. *does.*
Drap. s. *drop.*
Dre. *p.* 13. drie. *p.* 101. drye. *p.* 29. *suffer.*
Dreid. s. dreede, drede. *dread.*
Dreips. s. *drips, drops.*
Drovyers, drovers. *p.* 237. *probably the same as*
Dryvars. *p.* 5. *drivers.*
Drye. *p.* 29. *suffer.*
Dryghnes. *dryness.*
Duble dyse. *double dice. i. e. false dice.*
Dughtie. *doughty.*
Dule. s. dole. *grief.*
Dyd, dyde. *did.*
Dyght. *p.* 12. dight. *p.* 50. *dressed, put on, put.*
Dynte. *p.* 12. *dint, blow, stroke.*
Dysgysynge. *disguising, masking.*

E.

Eame, eme. *p.* 26. *uncle.*
Eathe. *easy.*
Ee. s. eie. *eye.*

Een, eyne. *eyes.*
Ech, eche, eiche. *each.*
Ein. s. *even.*
Eir, evir. s. *e'er, ever.*
Eke. *alſo.*
Eldern. s. *elder.*
Elke. *p.* 29. *each.*
Ellumynynge. *p.* 113. *embelliſhing: to* illumine *a book, was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.*
Ellyconys. *Helicon's.*
Endyed. *dyed.*
Enharpit, *&c. p.* 113. *hooked, or edged with mortal dread.*
Enkankered. *cankered.*
Envie. *p.* 23. envye. *p.* 26. *malice, ill-will, injury.*
Erſt. s. *heretofore.*
Eterminable. *p.* 116. *interminable, unlimited.*
Everychone. *every-one.*
Exed. *p.* 88. *aſked.*

F.

Fa. s. *fall.*
Fach, feche. *fetch.*
Fain, fayne. *glad, fond.*
Faine of fighte. *p.* 65. *fond of fighting.*
Faine, fayne. *feign.*
Fals. *falſe. Item. falleth.*
Fare. *p.* 55. *paſs.*
Farden. *p.* 47. *fared, flaſhed.*
Farley. *wonder.*
Faulkone. *faulcon.*
Fay. *faith.*
Fayere. *p.* 25. *fair.*
Faytors. *p.* 115. *deceivers, diſſemblers, cheats.*
Fe. *fee, bribe. Alſo, land.*
Feat. *p.* 274. *nice, neat.*
Featouſly. *neatly, dextrouſly.*
Feere, fere. *mate.*
Feir. s. fere. *fear.*
Fendys pray, *&c. p.* 115. *from being the prey of the fiends.*
Ferſly. *fiercely.*
Feſante. *pheaſant.*
Fette. *fetched.*
Fetteled, fettled. *prepared, addreſſed, made ready.*
Filde. *field.*
Finaunce. *p.* 115. *fine, forfeiture.*
Fit. *p.* 9. fyt. *p.* 139. fytte. *p.* 76. *Part or Diviſion of a ſong. hence p.* 68. fitt *is a ſtrain of muſic. See vol.* 2. *p.* 161, 383.
Flyte. *p.* 172, 260. *flout, mock.*
Foo. *p.* 31. *foes.*
For. *on account of.*
Forbode. *p.* 159. *prohibition, q. d. God forbid.*
Forefend. *prevent, defend.*
Formare. *former.*
Forthynketh. *p.* 154. *repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.*
Forſed. *p.* 111. *regarded, heeded.*
Forſt. *p.* 70. *forced, compelled.*
Foſters of the fe. *p.* 155. *forreſters of the king's demeſnes.*
Fou, fow. s. *full.*
Fowarde, vawarde. *the van.*
Fre-bore. *p.* 75. *free-born.*
Freake, freke, freyke. *man, perſon, human creature.*
Freckys. *p.* 10. *perſons.*
Frie. s. fre. *free.*
Freits. s. *ill omens, ill luck.*
Fuyſon, foiſon. *plenty.*
Fyll. *p.* 110. *fell.*
Fyr. *fire.*

Gair.

G.

Gair. s. *geer, dreſs.*
Gamon. *p.* 41. *game. hence* backgamon.
Gane, gan. *began.*
Gane, gan. *gone.*
Garde. *p.* 10. *made.*
Ganyde. *p.* 10. *gained.*
Gare, gar. *make.*
Gargeyld. *p.* 88. *perhaps from* Gargouille. f. *the ſpout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with ſpouts cut in the figures of gray-hounds, lions, &c.*
Garland. *p.* 82. *the ring, within which the prick or mark was ſet.*
Gear. s. geer. *p.* 302. *goods.*
Getinge. *p.* 24. *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
Geve, gevend. *give, given.*
Gi, gie. s. *give.*
Gife, giff. *if.*
Gin. s. *an, if.*
Give owre. s. *ſurrender.*
Glede. *p.* 7. *a red hot coal.*
Glent. *p.* 5. *glanced.*
Gloſe. *p.* 110. *ſet a falſe gloſs, or colour.*
Gode. *good.*
Goggling eyen. *goggle eyes.*
Gone. *p.* 47. *go.*
Gowd. s. gould. *gold.*
Graine. *p.* 173. *ſcarlet.*
Gramercye. *God-a-mercy: or perhaps, Grant mercy.*
Graunge. *p.* 273. *granary.*
Grea-hondes. *grey-hounds.*
Grece. *p.* 88. *a flight of ſteps.*
Greece. *p.* 149. *a fat hart; from* f. graiſſe.
Grennyng. *grinning.* [*from Bale. pt.* 2. *Ed.* 1550. *fol.* 83.]
Gret, grat. *great.*
Greves. *groves, buſhes.*
Griſly groned. *p.* 30. *dreadfully groaned.*
Groundwa. *p.* 103. *ground-wall.*
Gude. guid, geud. s. *good.*

H.

Ha, [hae.] s. *have. Item. hall.*
Habergeon. f. *a leſſer coat of mail.*
Halched, halſed. *ſaluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from*
Halſe. *neck.*
Haleſome. *wholeſome, healthy.*
Handbow. *p.* 160. *in oppoſition to a* Croſs-bow.
Harlocke. *p.* 284.
Haried, harried, harowed. *p.* 141. 22. *harrowed, harraſſed.*
Haſtarddis. *p.* 109. *probably, rabble raiſed in Haſte.*
Haviour. *behaviour.*
Hauld. s. *to hold. Item. hold, ſtrong hold.*
Hawberk. *a coat of mail.*
Hayll. *advantage, profit. p.* 25. *for the profit of all England.* A. S. Hæl. *ſalus.*
He. *p.* 5. hee. *p.* 24. hye. *high.*
He. *p.* 150. hye. *to hie.*
Heal. *p.* 10. *hail.*
Hear. *p.* 11. *here.*
Heare, heares. *hair, hairs.*
Hed, hede. *head.*
Heere. *p.* 86. *hear.*
Heighte. *p.* 27. *on high, aloud.*
Hend. *kind, gentle.*
Heir. s. here. *p.* 9. *hear.*
Heſt. *p.* 197. *hæſt.*
Heſt. *p.* 42. *command, injunction.*

Hether.

Hether. *p.* 151. *hither.*
Heawyng, hewinge. *hewing, hacking.*
Hewyne in to. *hewn in two.*
Hi, hie. *p.* 75. *he.*
Hie, hye, he, hee. *high.*
Hight. *p.* 43. *p.* 11. *engage, engaged, promised.* (*p.* 131. *called.*)
Hillys. *hills.*
Hinde, hend. *gentle.*
Hir. s. *her.*
Hirsel. s. *herself.*
Hit. *p.* 11. *it.*
Hoo, ho. *p.* 20. *an interjection of stopping or desisting: hence stoppage.*
Hode. *p.* 141. *hood, cap.*
Hole. *p.* 111. holl. *p.* 114. *whole.*
Holtes. *p.* 24. *hills.*
Holy. *p.* 114. *perhaps* hole, *whole.*
Hom, hem. *them.*
Hondrith, hondred. *hundred.*
Honge. *hang, hung.*
Hontyng. *hunting.*
Hoved. *p.* 88. *perhaps, hovered, hung moving.*
Hount. *p.* 7. *hunt.*

I.

I' feth. *in faith.*
I ween. (*I think:*) *verily.*
I wys, I wis. (*I know:*) *verily.*
I wot. (*I know:*) *verily.*
Iclipped. *p.* 88. *called.*
Iff. *if.*
Jimp. s. *slender.*
Ild. *I'd, I would.*
Ile. *I'll, I will.*
Ilka. s. *every.*
Im. *p.* 75. *him.*
In fere. I fere. *together.*
Into. s. *in.*
Intres. *p.* 88. *entrance, admittance.*
Jo. *p.* 300. *sweet-heart, friend.*
Jogelers. *juglers.*
I-tuned. *p.* 88. *tuned.*
Iye. *eye.*
Iz. *p.* 75. *is, his.*

K.

Karls. *carls, churls.* karls of kind. *churls by nature.*
Kauld. *p.* 75. *called.*
Kawte and keene. *p.* 26. *cautious and active.* l. cautus.
Kempe, kempes. *soldier, soldiers.*
Kemperye man. *p.* 67. *soldier, warrior, fighting man.*
Kems. s. *combs.*
Ken, kenst. *know, knowest.*
Kepers, &c. *p.* 163. *those that watch by the corpse shall tye up my winding sheet.*
Kind. *nature.*
Kit. *p.* 113. *cut.*
Kithe nor kin. *acquaintance, nor kindred.*
Knave. *p.* 85. *servant.*
Knicht. s. *knight.*
Knights fee. *p.* 85. *such a portion of land as qualified a man for knighthood.*
Knowles. *knolls.*
Knyled. *knelt.*
Kyrtill, kirtle. *petticoat, gown.*

L.

Laith. s. *loth.*

Laitl.

Langſome. s. *p.* 301. *long, tedious.* Lang. s. *long.*
Lauch, lauched. s. *laugh, laughed.*
Launde. *p.* 149. *lawn.*
Lay-land. *p.* 41. *land that is not plowed: green-ſward.*
Lay-lands. *p.* 49. *lands in general.*
Layden. *laid.*
Laye. *p.* 41. *law.*
Leane. *p.* 27. *conceal, hide. Item. lye. query.*
Leanyde. *leaned.*
Leard. *learned, taught.*
Leaſe. *p.* 149. *lying, falſhood.* Withouten leaſe. *verily.*
Leaſynge. *lying, falſhood.*
Lee. *p.* 105. *the field.*
Leeche. *phyſician.*
Leechinge. *p.* 37. *doctoring, medicinal care.*
Leeve London. *p.* 255. *dear London, an old phraſe.*
Leeveth. *believeth.*
Lefe. *p.* 153. leeve. *dear.*
Lefe. *leaf.* leves. *leaves.*
Leive. s. *leave.*
Leman, leaman, leiman. *lover, miſtreſs. A. S.* leifman.
Lenger. *longer.*
Lere. *p.* 47. *face, complexion. A. S.* hleare, *facies, vultus.*
Lerned. *learned, taught.*
Leſynge. *p.* 154. leaſing. *lying, falſhood.*
Let. 5. *hinder.* 66. *hindred.*
Letteſt. *hindereſt, detaineſt.*
Lettyng. *p.* 151. *hindrance.*
Levet. *rather.*
Leyre, lere. *p.* 284. *learning, lore.*
Lig. s. *lie.*
Lightſome. *p.* 39. *chearful, ſprightly.*
Liked. *p.* 286. *pleaſed.*
Linde. *p.* 148. *the lime tree; or collectively lime trees; or Trees in general.*
Lingell. *p.* 286. *a thread of hemp rubbed with roſin, &c. uſed by ruſtics for mending their ſhoes.*
Lith, lithe, lythe. *p.* 131. *attend, hearken, liſten.*
Lither. *p.* 67. *idle, worthleſs, naughty, froward.*
Liver. *deliver.*
Liverance. *p.* 261. *deliverance (money, or a pledge for delivering you up.)*
Loke. *p.* 285. *lock of wooll.*
Longes. *belongs.*
Looſet, loſed. *looſed.*
Lope. *leaped.*
Loveth. *love. plur. number.*
Lough. *p.* 147. *laugh.*
Louked. *looked.*
Loun. s. *p.* 302. lown. *p.* 174. *loon, raſcal. from the Iriſh* liun. *ſlothful, ſluggiſh.*
Louted. *p.* 48. *bowed, did obeyſance.*
Lowe. *p.* 84. *a little hill.*
Lurden. *p.* 141. *ſluggard, drone.*
Lynde. *p.* 147. lyne. *p.* 82. *See* Linde.
Lyth. *p.* 284. *lithſome, pliant, flexible, eaſy, gentle.*
Lythe. *idem.* (*p.* 76. *See* Lith.)

M.

Mahound, Mahowne. *Mahomet*
Maieſte, maiſt, mayeſte. *may'ſt.*
Mair. s. mare. *more.*
Makys, maks. *mates.*
Male. *p.* 10. *coat of mail.*
Mane. *p.* 7. *man, Item. moan.*

March-perti. 15. *march-parts.*
Marche-man. *a ſcowrer of the marches.*
March-pine. *p.* 284. march-pane. *a kind of biſcuit.*
Maſterye. *p.* 81. mayſtry. *p.* 157. *a trial of ſkill, high proof of ſkill.*
Mauger. *p.* 4. *ſpite of.*
Maun. s. mun. *muſt.*
May'. *maid. rhythmi gratia.*
Mayd, mayde. *made.*
Mayne. *p.* 51. *force, ſtrength. p.* 77. *horſe's mane.*
Meany. *p.* 5. *retinue, train, company.*
Meed. meede. *reward.*
Men of armes. *p.* 28. *gens d' armes.*
Meniveere. *p.* 286. *white fur.*
Merches. *marches.*
Met. *p.* 6. meit. s. mete. *meet, fit, proper.*
Meyne. *p.* 147. *ſee* Meany.
Minged. *p.* 40. *mentioned.*
Miſdoubt. 277. *ſuſpect, doubt.*
Miſken. *miſtake.*
Mode. *p.* 147. *mood.*
Monynday. *monday.*
Mores. *p.* 40. *hills, wild downs.*
Morne. s. *p.* 73. *on the morrow.*
Mort. *p.* 6. *the death of the deer.*
Moſt. *p.* 111. *muſt.*
Mought, mot, mote. *might.*
Mun, maun. s. *muſt.*
Mure, mures. s. *wild-downs, flats, &c.*
Muſis. *muſes.*
Myghtte. *mighty.*
Myllan. *Milan ſteel.*
Myne-ye-ple. *p.* 10. *perhaps Many-plies, or, folds.*
Myrry. *merry.*
Myſuryd. *p.* 113. *miſuſed, applied to a bad purpoſe.*

N.

Na, nae. s. *no, none.*
Nams. *names.*
Nar. *p.* 6. nare. *nor.*
Nat. *not.*
Nee, ne. *nigh.*
Neigh him neare. *approach him near.*
Neir. s. nere. *ne'er, never.*
Neir. s. nere. *near.*
Nicked him of naye. *p.* 60. *i. e. nicked him with a refuſal.*
Nipt. *pinched.*
Nobles. *nobleſs, nobleneſs.*
None. *noon.*
Nourice. s. *nurſe.*
Nye, ny. *nigh.*

O.

O gin. s. *O if! a phraſe.*
On. *one.* on man. *p.* 8. *one man.* One. *p.* 25. *on.*
Or, ere. *p.* 20. 24. *before.*
Or eir. s. *before ever.*
Oriſons. *prayers.*
Oſt, oſte. *hoſt.*
Out owre. s. *quite over: over.*
Outrake. *p.* 265. *an out-ride; or expedition. to* raik. s. *is to go faſt.* (*Or perhaps,* Outreik, *a fitting out. Mr. Davidſon.*)
Oware of none. *hour of noon.*
Owre, owr. s. *o'er.*
Owt. *out.*

P.

Pa. s. *the river Po.*

Pall. *p.* 47. *a robe of ſtate.* Purple and pall. *i. e. a purple robe, or cloak. a phraſe.*
Paramour. *p.* 288. *lover. Item. a miſtreſs.*
Paregall. *p.* 113. *equal.*
Parti, party. *p.* 8. *a part.*
Paves. *p.* 110. *a large kind of ſhield.* (*Gloſs. G. Doug.*)
Pavilliane. *pavillion, tent.*
Pay. *p.* 153. *liking, ſatisfaction.*
Peakiſh. *p.* 273. *ſmall, mean, petty.*
Peere, pere. *peer, equal.*
Penon. *a banner, or ſtreamer borne on the top of a launce.*
Perelous, parlous. *perilous, dangerous.*
Perfight. *perfect.*
Perleſe. *p.* 115. *peerleſs.*
Pertyd. *p.* 9. *parted.*
Play-feres. *play-fellows.*
Playning. *complaining.*
Pleaſance. *pleaſure.*
Pight. *p.* 24. *pitched.*
Pil'd. *p.* 268. *peeled, bald.*
Pine. *p.* 173. *famiſh, ſtarve.*
Pite, pitte, pyte. *pity.*
Pompal. *p.* 214. *pompous.*
Portres. *p.* 88. *portereſs.*
Popingay. *p.* 286. *a parrot.*
Pow, pou: pow'd. s. *pull: pulled.*
Prece, preſe. *preſs.*
Preced, preſed. *preſſed.*
Preſt. *p.* 182. *ready.*
Preſtly. *p.* 150. preſtlye. *p.* 47. *quickly.*
Prickes. *p.* 81. *the marks to ſhoot at.*
Pricke-wand. *p.* 82. *a wand ſet up for a mark.*
Pricked. *p.* 25. *ſpurred on, haſted.*
Prowes. *p.* 112. *proweſs.*
Prycke. *p.* 156. *the mark: commonly a hazel-wand.*
Pryme. *p.* 132. *day break.*
Pulde. *p.* 10. *pulled.*

Q.

Quail. *p.* 49, 267. *ſhrink.*
Quadrant. *p.* 88. *four-ſquare.*
Quarry. *p.* 237. *ſlaughtered game, deer, &c. See pag.* 6.
Quere, quire. *choir.*
Queſt. *p.* 142. *inqueſt.*
Quha. s. *who.*
Quhan. s. *when.*
Quhar. s. *where.*
Quhat. s. *what.*
Quhatten. s. *what.*
Quhen. s. *when.*
Quhy. s. *why.*
Quyrry. *p.* 6. *See* quarry *above.*
Quyte. *p.* 16. *requited.*

R.

Raine. *reign.*
Rayne, reane. *rain.*
Reachles. *p.* 83. *careleſs.*
Reas. *p.* 5. *raiſe.*
Reave. *bereave.*
Reckt. *regarded.*
Reade. *p.* 22. rede. *adviſe. p.* 28. *hit off.*
Reek. s. *ſmoak.*
Reid. s. rede, reed. *red.*
Reid-roan. s. *red-roan.*
Rekeles, reckleſſe. *regardleſs, void of care, raſh.*
Reniſh. *p.* 59. reniſht. *p.* 65.
Reniſht. *p.* 59, 65.
Renne. *run.*
Renyed. *refuſed.*

Rewth. *ruth.* rewe. *pity.*
Riall. *p.* 89. *royal.*
Richt. s. *right.*
Ride. *p.* 260. *make an inroad.*
Roche. *rock.*
Ronne. *ran.* Roone. *p.* 25. *run.*
Roode. *croſs, crucifix.*
Rouſe. *roof.*
Row, rowd. s. *roll, rolled.*
Rues. *p.* 176. ruethe. *p.* 23. *pitieth.*
Ryde. *p.* 252. *i. e. make an inroad.* Ryde *in p.* 64. (*v.* 135.) *ſhould be* riſe. *Counſel muſt ariſe from me.*
Rydere. *p.* 159. *ranger.*
Ryſe. *p.* 130. *raiſe.*

S.

Sa, ſae. s. *ſo.*
Saif. s. *ſafe.*
Sall. s. *ſhall.*
Sar. *ſore.*
Sark. *ſhirt, ſhift.*
Sat, ſete. *p.* 3. *ſet.*
Savyde. *ſaved.*
Say. *p.* 13. *ſaw. See V.* 2. *p.* 267.
Say us no harme. *p.* 66. *ſay no ill of us.*
Sayne. *ſay. plur. num.*
Scathe. *hurt, injury.*
Schip. s. *ſhip.*
Scho. s. *ſhe.*
Schrill. s. *ſhrill.*
Se. s. ſee. *ſea. p.* 6. *ſee.*
Seik. s. ſeke. *ſeek.*
Sene. *p.* 9. *ſeen.*
Sertayne, ſertenlye. *certain, certainly.*
Setywall. *See* cetiwall.
Shales. *p.* 77. *upon re-inſpecting the MS. appears to be* ſhaws. *little woods.*
Shear. *p.* 5. *clear off.*
Sheele. *ſhe'll, ſhe will.*
Sheene. ſhene. *ſhining.*
Sheits. s ſhetes. *ſheets.*
Shent. *diſgraced.*
Shimmering. *ſhining by glances.*
Shoke. *p.* 113. *ſhookeſt.*
Shold, ſholde. *ſhould.*
Shoen. s. ſhoone. *p.* 226. *ſhoes.*
Shote. *p.* 9. *ſhot.*
Shraddes. *p.* 77.
Shrift. *confeſſion.*
Shroggs. *p.* 81. *ſhrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug.* ſcroggis.
Shulde. *ſhould.*
Shyars. *ſhires.*
Sib. *kin.*
Side. *long.*
Sic, ſich, ſick. *p.* 75. s. *ſuch.*
Sik. *p.* 102. ſike. *ſuch.*
Sied. s. *ſaw.*
Siker. *p.* 303. *ſurely, certainly.*
Sigh-clout. *p.* 173. (ſythe-clout) *a clout to ſtrain milk through: a ſtraining clout.*
Sith. *p.* 7. *ſince.*
Slade. *p.* 79. *a ſlip of green-ſward between plow-lands, or woods, &c.*
Slaw. *p.* 285. *ſlew.*
Slean, ſlone. *ſlain.*
Sle, ſlee. *ſlay.* ſleeſt. *ſlayeſt.*
Sleip. s. ſlepe. *ſleep.*
Slo, ſloe. *ſlay.*
Slode. *p.* 40. *ſlit, ſplit.*
Slone. *p.* 42. *ſlain.*
Sloughe. *p.* 9. *ſlew.*
Smithers. s. *ſmothers.*
Soldain, ſoldan, ſowden. *ſultan.*
Soll, ſoulle, ſowle. *ſoul.*
Sort. *p.* 116. *company.*
Soth-Ynglonde. *South England.*

Soth,

Soth, ſothe, ſouth, ſouthe. *ſooth, truth.*
Sould. s. *ſhould.*
Sowden, ſoudain. *ſultan.*
Sowre. *ſour.*
Sowre, ſoare. *ſore.*
Soy. f. *ſilk.*
Spak, ſpaik. s. *ſpake.*
Sped. *p.* 61. *ſpeeded.*
Speik. s. *ſpeak.*
Spendyde. *p.* 12. *perhaps* Hended. *held. or,* Spanned. *graſped.*
Spere, ſpeere. *ſpear.*
Spill. *p.* 172. ſpille. *p.* 52. *ſpoil, come to harm.*
Sprente. 10. *ſpurted, ſprung out.*
Spurn, ſpurne. *a kick. p.* 16. *See* Tear.
Spyde. *ſpied.*
Spylt. *p.* 112. *loſt, deſtroyed.*
Spyt. *p.* 7. ſpyte. *ſpite.*
Stable. *p.* 115. *perhaps, ſtabliſh.*
Stalworthlye, *p.* 22. *ſtoutly.*
Stane. s. ſtean. *p.* 75. *ſtone.*
Steedye. *ſteady.*
Steid. s. ſtede. *ſteed.*
Stele. *p.* 13. *ſteel.*
Stark. *p.* 47. *ſtiff.*
Sterne. *ſtern: or perhaps, ſtars.*
Sterris. *ſtars.*
Sterte. *ſtart.*
Sterte, ſterted. *ſtarted.*
Sterte, ſtart. *p.* 295. *ſtarted.*
Steven. *p.* 85. *voice.*
Steven. *p.* 81. *time.*
Still. *p.* 22. *quiet, ſilent.*
Stint. *ſtop, ſtopped.*
Stirande ſtage. *p.* 22. *many a ſtirring, travelling journey.*
Stonderes. *ſtanders by.*
Stound, ſtownde. *p.* 142. 29. *time, while.*
Stour. *p.* 13. 70. ſtower. *p.* 40. ſtowre. *p.* 29. 50. *fight.*
Streght. *p.* 10. *ſtraight.*
Strekene. *ſtricken, ſtruck.*
Stret. *ſtreet.*
Strick. *ſtrict.*
Stroke. *p.* 10. *ſtruck.*
Stude. s. *ſtood.*
Styntyde, ſtinted. *ſtayed, ſtopped.*
Suar. *sure.*
Sum. s. *ſome.*
Sumpters. *p.* 278. *horſes that carry cloaths, furniture, &c.*
Swapte. *p.* 10. ſwapped. *p.* 28. ſwopede. *p.* 28. *ſtruck violently.*
Swat, ſwatte. *p.* 28. ſwotte. *p.* 28. *did ſweat.*
Swear. *p.* 6. *ſware.*
Sweard. *ſword.*
Sweavens. *dreams.*
Sweit. s. ſwete. *ſweet.*
Swith. *p.* 70. *quickly, inſtantly.*
Syd. *ſide.*
Syne. *p.* 23. 25. *then, afterwards.*
Syth. *ſince.*

T.

Take. *taken.*
Talents, *p.* 61.
Taine. s. tane. *taken.*
Tear. *p.* 16. *this ſeems to be a proverb, That tearing or pulling occaſioned this ſpurn or kick.*
Teenefu. s. *p.* 106. *full of indignation, wrathful, furious.*
Teir. s. tere. *tear.*
Teene. *p.* 139. tene. *p.* 109. *ſorrow, indignation, wrath. Properly, injury, affront.*

Thair.

Thair. s. *their.*
Thame. s. *them.*
Than. *then.*
Thair. s. thare. *there.*
The. *thee.* Thend. *the end.*
The. *they.* the wear. *p.* 5. *they were.* the blewe. *p.* 6. *they blew.*
Thear, theare. *p.* 23. ther. *p.* 6. *there.*
Thee. *thrive.* mote he thee. *may he thrive.*
Ther. *p.* 5. *their.*
Therfor. *p.* 7. *therefore.*
Ther-to. *thereto.*
Thes. *theſe.*
Theyther-ward. *p.* 134. *thither-ward, towards that place.*
Thie. *thy.*
Thouſe. s. *p.* 174. *thou art.*
Thowe. *thou.*
Thrae. *p.* 55. *ſhould be* Throw. s. *through.*
Thrall. *p.* 95. *captive. p.* 270. *captivity.*
Thrang. s. *throng.*
Thre. thrie. s. *three.*
Threape. *p.* 175. *rebuke, chide, ſcold. Alſo, poſitive aſſertion.*
Thritte. *thirty.*
Throng. *p.* 140. *haſtened.*
Thrue. *threw.*
Till. *p.* 16. *unto.*
Till. *p.* 68. *entice.*
Tine. *loſe.* tint. *loſt.*
To. *too. Item. two.*
Ton. *p.* 7. tone. *the one.*
Tow. s. *p.* 104. *to let down with a rope, &c.*
Tow, towe. *two.*
Traitorie, traitory. *treachery.*
Tre. *tree, wood.*
Treytory, traitory, *treachery.*
Tride. *tryed.*
Trow. *p.* 173. *think, conceive, know.*
Trowthe, trothe. *troth.*
Tru, trewe. *true.*
Tuik. s. *took.*
Tul. s. *till, to.*
Turn. *p.* 278. ſuch turn. *ſuch an occaſion.*
Twa. s. *two.*
Twin'd. s. *p.* 33. *twiſted, turned.*
Tym, tyme. *time.*

V. U.

Vices. *p.* 88. *ſcrews; or perhaps turning pins, ſwivels.*
Vilane. *p.* 109. *raſkally.*
Undernead. *underneath.*
Undight. *undecked, undreſſed.*
Unmacklye. *miſhapen.*
Unſett ſteven. *p.* 81. *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*
Untyll. *unto. p.* 139. *againſt.*
Voyded. *p.* 144. *quitted, left the place.*
Upe. *up.* Upone, *upon.*
Utlawz. *p.* 75. *outlaws.*

W.

Wad. s. wold, wolde. *would.*
Wae worth. s. *woe betide.*
Waltering. *weltering.*
Wane. *p.* 11. *perhaps (rythmi gratiâ) for* whang, *the noiſe made by a bow in emitting the arrow. ſee* Sowne *Gl. V.* 2.
War. *p.* 6. *aware.*
Warldis. s. *worlds.*
Wat. *p.* 8. wot. *know, am aware.*
Wat. s. *wet.*
Wavde. *p.* 96. *waved.*
Wayward. *p.* 311. *froward, peeviſh.*
Weale. *p.* 92. *happineſs, proſperity.*

Weal.

Weal. *p.* 15. *wail.*
Wedous. *widows.*
Weedes. *clothes.*
Weel. *we'll, we will.*
Weene; ween'd. *p.* 40. *think; thought.*
Weet. s. *wet.*
Weil. s. wele. *well.*
Weip. s. wepe. *weep.*
Wel-away. *p.* 259. *an interjection of grief.*
Wel of pitè. *fource of pity.*
Weme. *womb, belly, hollow.*
Wende. *p.* 148. *weened, thought.*
Wend, wends. *go, goes.*
Weſtlin. s. *weſtern.*
While. *p.* 267. *untill.*
Whoard. *hoard.*
Whoſe. *p.* 112. *whoſo.*
Whyllys. *whilſt.*
Wight. *p.* 167. *perſon. p.* 267. *ſtrong, luſty.*
Wighty. *p.* 77. *ſtrong, luſty, active, nimble.*
Wightly. *p.* 37. *vigorouſly.*
Will. s. *p.* 72. *ſhall.*
Wilfulle. *p.* 81. *wandering, erring.*
Windling. s. *winding.*
Winnae. s. *will not.*
Winſome. s. *p.* 302. *handſome.*
Wiſs. *p.* 256. *know.* wiſt. *knew.*
Wo. woo. *p.* 9. *woe.*
Woe begone. *p.* 47. *loſt in woe, overwhelmed with grief.*
Won'd. *p.* 283. *dwelled.*
Wone. *p.* 13. *one.*
Wonderſly. *wonderouſly.*
Wode, wood. *mad.*
Wonne. *dwell.*
Woodwecte. *p.* 77. *ſhould be* woodweele *or* wodewale; *the golden ouzle, a bird of the thruſh-kind. Gloſſ. Chauc.*
Worthè. *worthy.*
Wot. *know.* wotes. *knows.*
Wouch. *p.* 9. *miſchief, evil. A.S.* Yohȝ. *i.e.* Wohg. *malum.*
Wrang. s. *wrung.*
Wreke, wreak. *revenge.*
Writhe. *p.* 265. *writhed, twiſted.*
Wroken. *revenged.*
Wronge. *wrung.*
Wul. s. *will.*
Wyght. *p.* 283. *ſtrong, luſty.*
Wyghtye. *p.* 156. *the ſame.*
Wyld. *p.* 5. *wild deer.*
Wynne. *p.* 25. *joy.*
Wyſte. *p.* 6. *knew.*

Y.

Y-cleped. *called.*
Y-con'd. *taught, inſtructed.*
Y-fere. *together.*
Y-founde. *found.*
Y-picking. *p.* 285. *picking, culling, gathering.*
Y-ſlaw. *ſlain.*
Y-were. *were.*
Y-wis. *p.* 90. *verily.*
Y-wrought. *wrought.*
Yate. *gate.*
Yche. *each.*
Ychyſeled. *carved with the chizzel.*
Ydle. *idle.*
Ye bent, y-bent. *bent.*
Ye feth, y-feth. *in faith.*
Yenoughe, ynoughe. *enough.*
Yeldyde. *yielded.*
Yerarchye. *hierarchy.*
Yere, yeere. *year, years.*
Yerle. *p.* 8. *earl.*
Yerly. *p.* 5. *early.*
Yeſtreen. s. *yeſter-evening.*

Yf. *if.*
Ygnoraunce. *ignorance.*
Yngglisshe. *English.*
Ynglonde. *England.*
Yode, *went.*
Youe. *p.* 7. *you.*
Yt. *it.*
Yth. *p.* 6. *in the.*

Z.

Ze, zea. s. *ye.*
Zeir. s. *year.*
Zellow. s. *yellow.*
Zonder. s. *yonder.*
Zong. s. *young.*
Zour. s. *your.*

*** The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ȝeapd *yard*, ȝear *year*, ȝeonȝ *young*, &c.

THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

See Page 230

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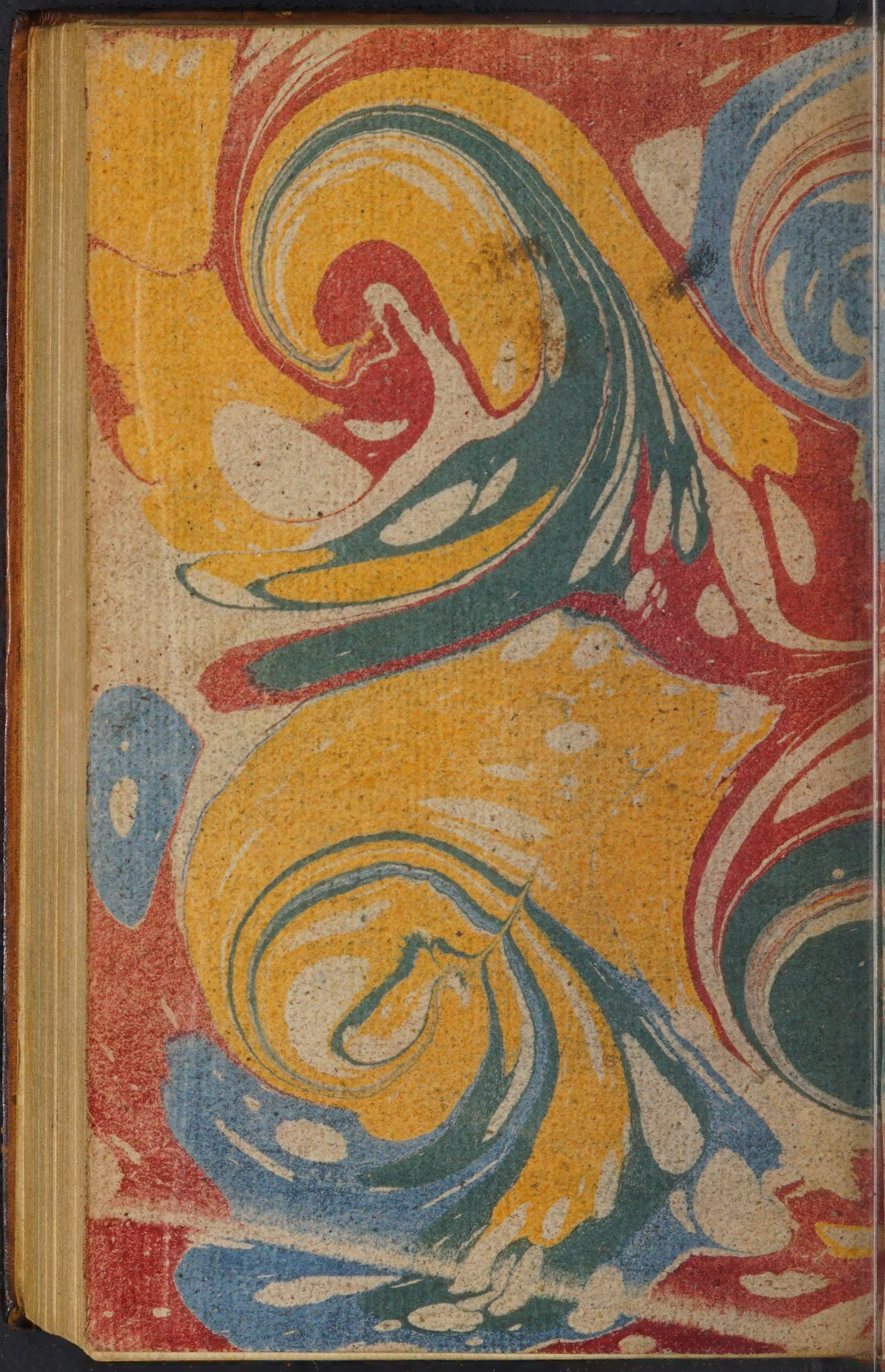

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